CHARLES DE GAULLE DANIEL SINGER

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 30, 1970 35 cents

61040 N J
EAST ORANGE
LIBRARY
UPSALA COLLEGE
PL-3635S
10-71R
AG

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
NOV 25 1970

The 'Street People' of Denmark

DESMOND SMITH

Promise of Reform
THE GREENING OF CONGRESS

WES BARTHELMES

John Jay: College for Cops

FRED J. COOK

●

ALDOUS HUXLEY & THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS

GEORGE WOODCOCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

old friend

Roslindale, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: When you notified me that *The Nation* had increased its subscription price, I canceled, as *The Christian Science Monitor* had also increased, and being on an allowance, as I am an octogenarian, did not see how I could manage. But after so many years, I would miss *The Nation* too much, and therefore would like you to put me back on your mailing list. . . .

I love the truth, as I love *The Nation.*

Mollie Wenton

love, fame and hostility

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Whatever the unremitting hostility of Hayden Carruth's agreeably *long,* perhaps obsessed review of my *Love & Fame* [*The Nation,* Nov. 2], I would of course have nothing to say, but for two points. He cannot get a fact straight: "Eleven Addresses to the Lord" is not "the last poem . . . the longest . . . a religious poem" but eleven *poems,* just as, on the other hand, my poem *The Dream Songs* is not "those poems." And he cannot read correctly the feeling with which a fact is presented: when a certain religious event is localized as follows:

> *My double nature fused in that point of time*
> *three weeks ago day before yesterday.*
> *Now, brooding thro' a history of the early Church*
> *I identify with everybody, including the heretics.*

the reason is evidently the feeling with which a lover memorializes the date and place of his first kiss. (I kissed my first wife first under the mistletoe in her aunt's apartment on West 9th Street on New Year's afternoon, 1941, Mr. Carruth. How about you?) If that feeling can really be read by your readers as "half-blustery and half-sneering," I will announce bankruptcy and retire from business. But if they reject Mr. Carruth's *fantastic* reading, as the half-blustery and half-sneering product of years of self-confessed 'bias" (by which he must mean *prejudice* or in fact hatred—he cannot get the meaning of words right either), let Mr. Carruth retire from business.

But he may certainly be right in his final placement, even though it too is pronounced as if it were an ultimate put-down. It would not surprise me a bit to learn (in Heaven) that Lowell, Roethke, Schwartz, Jarrell, Miss Bishop and Wilbur "have produced individual poems finer in poetic integrity and formal congruency than anything in the works of Berryman." The company is positively bracing! My pals! Does this bastard really after all think me comparable with them (though of course inferior)? The fact is, I think at least four of them have done exactly what he says, and I am happy to think so because I love their finest poems better than my short poems so far. (Only as of long poems might I be interested in claiming parity.) The quotation by Paul Goodman too is better than the one quotation (incomprehensible without context or explanation) from me.

John Berryman

Johnson, Vt.

DEAR SIRS: *(1)* Berryman's calling his sequences single or multiple does not alter what they intrinsically are. I stand by what I wrote. *(2)* Sure enough, a little hatred does seem to be floating around here some place, though I swear (proof being impossible) it wasn't in my review. *(3)* Beyond this I'd say your subscribers must endorse B's readings or mine—or their own, or anyone else's. He and I know we haven't the last say in the matter. At the same time, perhaps they will examine the usefulness of the main point in the review, which hasn't been touched in this exchange.

Hayden Carruth

EDITORIALS

Politics by Torquemada

Of the many reports from Brazil, protesting the maltreatment and torture of political prisoners—or just ordinary citizens—under the military dictatorship which rules there, the most revealing thus far has been written by an American journalist, William M. Carley, whose story, datelined Rio de Janeiro, appeared in *The Wall Street Journal* of October 12. Carley, an impartial observer, investigated the situation thoroughly, and the Brazilian military could not censor his findings.

A typical though mild case is that of a respected lawyer, Esmeraldo Tarquinio, who had taken no part in politics before he was elected mayor of Santos, a port city of about 160,000. He was elected, but never served. The dictatorship considered him too outspoken and invoked the *cassado,* a decree which strips the victim of all political rights for ten years. He cannot vote or hold political office.

A Rio attorney to whom Carley refers under a fictitious name, Alfred Veloso, was not so fortunate. Three plain-clothes men walked into his office and, without a warrant or papers of any kind, took him to jail. When he asked if he could call his wife and inform his law partner, he was told that if he did, they would be jailed too. Taken to a military prison, Veloso was stripped and subjected to torture. Electrodes were applied to a finger on each hand. When he came to, he found himself writhing and screaming on the floor. A few weeks later he was released, presumably having learned his lesson. His wife was also arrested, but not tortured. Veloso thinks he was punished for having hired a law student who later got into trouble with the police.

The military and the police run Brazil. No one is safe. A reporter, evidently Carley himself, visited former President Kubitschek at his apartment. After the military took over in 1964, Kubitschek spent three years in virtual exile. He told the reporter, "I cannot speak of politics now. To stay here, I must remain quiet."

All avenues of political dissent have been closed. The

Scheduled for Next Week

Robert Sherrill Interviews

RAMSEY CLARK

The *Nation*'s Washington correspondent, taking many of his questions from the pages of Mr. Clark's just published *Crime in America,* asks the former Attorney General to expand on his views about the social causes of violence, the growth of white-collar crime, the indictment of Dr. Spock, electronic surveillance, conspiracy trials, and the overall problems of maintaining order and administering even-handed justice in a country polarized and demanding prompt solutions to its long-standing problems of equality and domestic tranquillity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

key trade unions have been taken over; political parties have been reduced to two, both under the thumb of the government; student political activity is banned. Members of the state and national legislatures are expelled by the hundreds—when the bodies are allowed to function at all. By another decree, called *aposentado,* university professors and others supported by public funds can be summarily fired; after which they cannot find other employment. The press, of course, is tightly censored. Terrorism is the only outlet remaining for political action.

With Brazil, as with other countries under similar military dictatorship, the United States maintains cordial diplomatic relations and gives military assistance. Last year Governor Rockefeller paid an official visit to Brazil. It remains to be seen whether we shall be similarly tolerant of the left-wing democracy that now governs Chile.

The Morning After

Perhaps the real loser in the campaign which began too early but finally came to an end on November 3 was the advertising industry. The morning-after assessments indicate as much.

Full-page ads, which appeared in some eighty newspapers on the eve of the election, accused the candidates at whom they were aimed of essential weaknesses and evil tendencies rendering them unfit for office. The accused, of course, had no chance to reply. One such semi-libel, published on behalf of Sen. George Murphy, called attention to the San Jose "riot," which allegedly threatened the lives of President Nixon, Governor Reagan and Murphy himself. The issue, the ad said in the biggest black letters the font carried, was ANARCHY OR LAW AND ORDER. It went on to point out that Murphy had supported every law-and-order bill; Rep. John Tunney had not. "It's that simple." But Murphy, who drew pay as a public relations flack for Technicolor while serving in the Senate, lost the election.

Advertising Age of November 9 and 16 discusses the general situation at length. Like many other trade magazines, *Advertising Age* is more farsighted than the average executive in the industry it serves. The lead paragraph in a story from Chicago points out that, since some advertising in the election was "vilifying, unfair and actually worked against candidates it was supposed to be promoting," admen and others dealing with political advertising were beginning to look ahead at the role of advertising in future campaigns. Editorially, the magazine shows deep concern. The most damaging feature of criticisms which question the ethics of political ads is that "they really deal a serious blow to *all* advertising" (emphasis in the original). And this comes at a time when the credibility of advertising in general, including the industry's mainstay—product advertising—is being questioned as never before.

If "Madison Avenue" has become a synonym for deception, Ralph Nader and *Consumer Reports* are not the enemies; the industry has blackened itself. You cannot, year in and year out, make false claims for products, or slant the theme to mislead the unwary, without losing the confidence of the public you address. So now con-

IN THIS ISSUE

November 30, 1970

EDITORIALS

546

ARTICLES

550 Charles de Gaulle: Death of a Legendary Hero — *Daniel Singer*

552 Promise of Reform: The Greening of Congress — *Wes Barthelmes*

555 John Jay: College for Cops — *Fred J. Cook*

559 The "Street People" of Denmark — *Desmond Smith*

561 Undermining Public Trust: The Press-Card Disguise — *Bruce J. Oudes*

564 Vietnam: Shadow on the Court — *Barry Schweid*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

565 Holmes: Aldous Huxley and the Way to Reality — *George Woodcock*

566 Emblen: Peter Mark Roget — *R. L. Chapman*

566 America Before the Revolution (poem) — *Sandy McIntosh*

568 Ridgeway: The Politics of Ecology — *C. W. Griffin*

569 Hyman: Iago — *Jerome Mazzaro*

570 Films — *Robert Hatch*

570 Drowning (poem) — *G. S. Sharat Chandra*

572 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

572 The Title of This Poem Is — *Gene Frumkin*

573 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

THE NATION

Volume 211

No. 18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sumers are asking for proof of sweeping claims, and the FTC considers disciplining a company that has been caught cheating, not by merely telling it to cease and desist but by ordering it to print corrective ads in which the deception, or let us say error, would be pointed out.

Advertising, a necessity in a culture as complex as ours, has never been attacked *en bloc* by any responsible agency or individual. But now, in its time of trouble, it is threatened by the excesses and general unfairness of political advertising, and prompt action is called for. The industry can do a large part of the reform job itself, and so can the media through which the ads are seen or heard. (Some newspapers have shown responsibility as a matter of policy.) No political advertising which attacks a candidate should be run so late in a campaign that rebuttal is ineffective. Thirty-second TV spots are inherently deceptive; they substitute repetition of dubious assertions for valid argument. And it should not be possible for a wealthy candidate, or one with wealthy backers, to buy his way into office.

In this connection, consideration should be given to the proposal of former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, who made a study of this problem for the Twentieth Century Fund. The group Minow headed recommended that during the final five weeks of a Presidential campaign all radio and TV stations should carry, at the same time, six prime-time half-hour programs, each featuring one of the major nominees, under a format that would "illuminate campaign issues, and give the audience insight into the abilities and personal qualities of the candidates." The government would foot the bills at about half the regular rate.

Pending some such arrangement, Congress should pass the measure limiting TV expenditures, etc., over President Nixon's veto. It would be only a modest step, but the excesses of the squalid election just past confirm the need for immediate action.

The Unpoliced Police

Buried in the back pages of *The New York Times* (November 14) appears an item from Columbia, S.C., stating that an all-white jury found the police not legally accountable in a civil action for damages in the death of three black youths during the Orangeburg massacre of February 1968. The jury was out fifty-five minutes. This ends all efforts to obtain redress for the outrage at South Carolina State College.

Previously, in a criminal action, the same nine highway patrolmen involved in the case had been acquitted in an action brought against them by the Justice Department, thanks to the excellent reporting of Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times,* and the action of Ramsey Clark as Attorney General. The criminal jury was out one hour and forty-two minutes. (See review by Joseph C. Goulden of *The Orangeburg Massacre,* by Jack Nelson and Jack Bass; *The Nation,* September 28.)

It does represent some slight progress that both criminal and civil actions were brought. In times past, no charges would have been laid against the patrolmen. However, these actions were brought only because of Nelson's vigorous investigative journalism. Normally a mere three dead, twenty-seven wounded—all blacks, all but two or three shot from the rear or the side while trying to get away—would not occasion even this much excitement.

The meaning of such tragic occurrences seems to escape national attention, either from public indifference or meager reporting that fails to bear down on the lack of effective redress. But a larger issue is pointed up by Don A. Schanche in *The Panther Paradox: A Liberal's Dilemma* (David McKay). The dilemma arises not only with the Panthers but with militant groups in general. Schanche, an able writer on the American political scene, asks himself, as the prototype liberal: "Do you support those who would bring the walls down on you, too? If you do *not* support them, are you thereby supporting those who would extinguish their liberty—and, in the process, everyone's liberty? Is there a better way to be part of the solution?"

Schanche's answer is the obvious one: work to eliminate the conditions that encourage the growth of such groups. High among these conditions is "police misbehavior on a massive, national scale." Schanche feels there should be more than *defense,* because in some cases the Panthers turn defense into an attack on the legal system per se. What he recommends is a legal offensive against the misuse of police power. This would start with an unequivocal campaign for the resignation of J. Edgar Hoover, who, as the ranking law-enforcement official, could, if he wished, initiate measures and policies which might curb unrestrained police violence. Local police departments receive much of their training and indoctrination from the FBI. In consequence, it is no exaggeration to say that Hoover's failure of leadership is an important cause of official lawlessness, and hence of private lawlessness. The difference is that official violence is condoned or ignored, while private violence, even in response to lawless official violence, is regarded as one of the worst forms of criminality.

The current Ramsey Clark/J. Edgar Hoover hassle affords an unprecedented opportunity to get rid of Hoover, at last. For the first time, the director of the FBI has openly revealed his political partisanship, and the hard-line ideology which governs his actions and attitudes. He has publicly set himself up as the overseer of the succession of attorneys general under whom he has nominally served, and done so with extraordinary venom and indiscipline. Clark, in contrast, has been a model of good sense and even temper.

The problem of police lawlessness—of the unpoliced police—is likely to become more acute as political protests and demonstrations become larger and more vehement. The problem is by no means restricted to this country. Jean Planchais, writing in *Le Monde* (October 28), highlights the problem in an article from which the title of this editorial is taken.

> The role of the police, none will deny it, is to protect the public and to uphold the rule of law. In practice, however, there is no denying that these principles are too often violated by some of the very officials whose task is to enforce them. Young people in France, natives and foreigners alike, who are unfortunate enough to live in a big city, must get a very curious idea of law, liberty and justice. To wear one's hair long or to be dressed in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> a style which does not appeal to the sartorial taste of certain policemen is risky. To be carrying a paper which does not conform to their political or philosophical criteria is to tempt fate. . . . The right to use abusive language appears to be a privilege reserved for certain officers of the law; to insult a citizen is perfectly legal, but let him reply in kind and that is a criminal offense. Hundreds of young men and women have been subjected to the most obscene vituperation in French detention centers. Yet the only persons to answer for such acts before the courts are those who have been driven to answer back, however timidly.

Both here and abroad, the reassertion of the political rights of citizens against their ostensible protectors promises to be a long, hard task.

A Year After Des Moines

A year after Vice President Agnew made his first attack on the broadcasting media (in a speech at Des Moines), CBS attempted an assessment of the impact of that and succeeding speeches in the same vein. Most of the participants conceded that the attacks had influenced performance. For one thing, the media were forced to give more coverage to Agnew than would otherwise have been the case. The attacks also had the effect of changing the agenda. Instead of the Administration being charged with a lack of credibility, broadcasters were compelled to defend their own credibility. In the process, attention was diverted from shortcomings of both the Administration and its opposition. Agnew was careful to confine his attacks to the networks which, as a result, were placed on the defensive, while local stations turned in a worse than average performance. Most participants agreed that a threat was clearly implied in this, the first concentrated high-level attack on the licensed channels of communication. Even those who insisted that networks had not caved in confessed that the attacks had created a general "nervousness"; they had been "worrisome."

As his colleagues were discussing the issue in New York —Mr. Agnew, incidentally, was not available for comment —Walter Cronkite, speaking in Chicago, put the attack in proper perspective. "We teeter," he said, on the brink of a communications crisis that could indeed undermine "a free and responsible press." Radio and television, he conceded, have been forcing "many of our print competitors out of business." Yet the electronic media are not, and can never be, an adequate substitute. Moreover, because they are licensed, the electronic journalists are vulnerable. "The power to make us conform is too great to forever lie dormant. . . . The axe lies there temptingly . . . the mere existence of the power is an intimidating and constraining threat in being." The situation, he concluded, can scarcely be called "healthy."

It is less healthy, even, than he implied. Television, he said, can be "a superb monitor on the monopoly newspaper." It can be, that is, unless the local station is owned by the monopoly newspaper. Today 256 daily newspapers own radio or television stations in their cities. In seventy-three cities, according to the FCC, one person or company owns or controls all of the local broadcasting and newspaper facilities. As of November 1969, there were ninety-four cities in which one owner controlled both a newspaper and a television station. Last April the FCC announced that it was considering new rules to limit such joint ownerships. The newspapers and the broadcasters, both opposed to any limitation, were given until mid-February to file position papers. These papers and the subsequent proceedings should be carefully studied. Regardless of what one thinks of the merits of joint ownership, there can be no doubt that it adds to the communications crisis about which Mr. Cronkite spoke in Chicago, and it is this crisis which aggravates the threat implicit in the Agnew attacks.

The Doves

Largely overlooked in the election returns were two propositions that relate directly to the war in Vietnam. Both were on the ballot in the San Francisco Bay Area, and in each instance the voters expressed dovish opposition to Nixon's illusory disengagement policy.

In Marin County, on the north side of the Golden Gate Bridge, a statement urging withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam by June 30, 1971, received a 53.4 per cent vote of approval, with the vote being 39,940 Yes and 33,827 No.

An even stronger measure passed in San Francisco County. It read: "It is the policy of the people of the city and county of San Francisco that there be an immediate cease-fire and immediate withdrawal of all U. S. troops from Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems." The initiative carried by only 50.9 per cent of the vote—107,785 in favor and 102,731 against. But before the Administration begins to point out the closeness of the vote, let it be remembered that the same measure, when presented to the voters in a 1967 election, gained only a 36.4 per cent approval.

The anti-war statements in both counties were placed on the ballot by petition. Other political bodies in the country might well consider similar moves when the next opportunity arises.

Coming–the Four-Day Week

The Nation has long advocated the four-day week. Among the articles we have published is "The Shorter Workweek" (December 7, 1963) by Jack C. Rothwell, an economist with the Federal Reserve. He showed that since the early part of the century the workweek has tended to compensate for changes in demand; e.g., when sales fall and unemployment rises, the workweek tends to shorten. Then there is the long-term effect of rising productivity. Writing for *The Nation* of September 10, 1960 ("Featherbedding vs. Automation"), William Glazier, at that time with the ILWU, argued that even then the economy could support a higher standard of living, including more leisure, and without taking account of the productive potential of automation.

The four-day week might have come before now, but starting in 1959 it was swamped by a boom in consumer goods. In that year Edward W. Ziegler wrote "The Inevitable Four-Day Week" (August 29). While he recognized many obstacles and problems, he said that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

workers wanted more money *and* more leisure, and sooner or later would get both. Going back another year and a half, Harvey Swados' "Less Work—Less Leisure" (February 22, 1958) quoted a trade journal: "The crux of the matter on either a four- or five-day week, is whether general economic conditions and the worker's pay scale would put pressure on him to carry a second job for the added income, or allow him to enjoy the added leisure of a four-day week with a single job."

This was prophetic, as was much else in these articles. Leonard Woodcock, president of the UAW, strongly opposes the four-day week today, on the ground that it would lead to more moonlighting and thus give some workers two jobs while others had none. But the trade union movement in general favors the shorter week and feels that the great majority of workers would choose more leisure. In *Newsweek* (November 16), Paul A. Samuelson, who has just received the Nobel award for his writings in economics, comes out in favor of the four-day week and introduces the novel concept that GNP should include leisure as one of the factors in output. It is in the same class as entertainment—he cites ballet and football—which produces pleasure (when it is successful) rather than anything tangible.

Every reduction in hours is opposed, but eventually the fanatical work worshipers lose out. Swados cites the famous 1926 statement by John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers: "I regard the five-day week as an unworthy ideal. . . . It is better not to trifle or tamper with God's laws." The Bible, he felt, decreed the six-day week. But the best argument for the four-day week is that where it is being tried both the workers and the employers are enthusiastic. It is said to increase productivity, decrease absenteeism, boost worker morale and cut worker turnover. So says *The Wall Street Journal,* noting that the four-day week is making "some inroads." The fact is that most workers don't particularly enjoy their jobs, and a three-day weekend is so precious to them that they are willing to work eight hours at top speed, four days a week, to gain it. *The Nation* is glad it jumped on that bandwagon when it was almost empty, and the band wasn't playing.

CHARLES DE GAULLE

DEATH OF A LEGENDARY HERO

DANIEL SINGER
Mr. Singer, long a member of the editorial staff of The Economist *(London), was that journal's Paris correspondent from 1958 to 1969. He has commented frequently from Paris on the BBC and the CBC.*

Paris

The verdict of history is the one that really mattered to Charles de Gaulle and we obviously shall not get it amid the current chorus of genuine and hypocritical praise. Had the General departed, say, three years ago, it would have been easier for his admirers to make of his second reign a saga of unmitigated success: the miracle worker switching his country from chaos to stability, from the brink of civil war to unity, from near bankruptcy to prosperity. And, having thus consolidated his base, successfully defying the American giant. But this image was shattered by the political crisis and social upheaval of May 1968, which showed the divisions, the depth of discontent, hidden beneath the glittering surface. Indirectly, they also revealed the limited means of Gaullist foreign policy. Instinctively, the General must have felt that the days of grandeur were gone. His official exit—in April of last year, after a lost referendum—had all the elements of political suicide. Nevertheless, he managed to use even this retreat to boost his image: Cincinnatus was returning to the plough—in his case, to the writing table at Colombey.

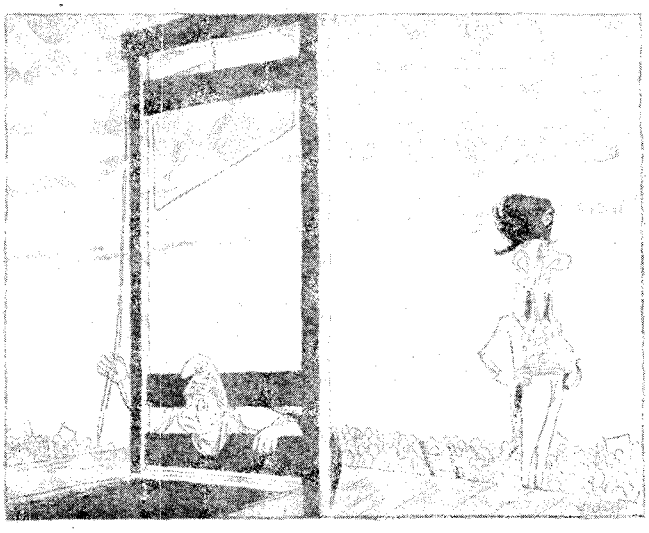
Nothing is more sickening than the sudden outpouring of love on funeral occasions. With de Gaulle now closely following Nasser, we have had our ration. Let me, then, state quite bluntly that, whatever my occasional sneaking admiration for the General as a performer, I have never, as a Socialist, shared his nationalist outlook or his political conceptions. Even when in sympathy with some of his struggles—not just against the Nazis but also against French colonels in Algeria or the American war in Vietnam—I always remained suspicious of his motives. This openly admitted, I see only more reason to try to understand why it fell upon a conservative military man to extricate France from its colonial ventures; or why a man, who at home was a pillar of the capitalist Establishment, was hailed abroad as a champion of the anti-imperialist struggle. One should not minimize de Gaulle's stature for polemical purposes. The only duty is to seek a proper balance and historical perspective; to disentangle, if one can, fact from fiction and reality from myth. But in the case of Gaullism, the task is difficult because the legend itself was vital for the General and he himself was its artful keeper. Mastery of the spoken and the written word were among his key weapons.

One of the legends will stand the test of time. It is the original one, presenting him as a symbol of French resistance, which was born on June 18, 1940 when, from a London studio, he urged the French people to carry on the fight. He was an acting brigadier and a junior minister, nearly 50 at the time. He found the courage to dissociate himself from his fellow officers, most of whom were rallying around Pétain, and to break with his class—the bulk of the French bourgeoisie having chosen collaboration with the Germans. The London episode, as recorded in his *Memoirs,* hovers perilously between the sublime and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ridiculous. De Gaulle, in those first days in England, had few forces at his disposal and probably more conflicts with his allies than with the enemy. His very weakness dictated a policy of intransigence and, for once, the man was really destined for his role. In the end, he achieved his objective: France was one of the victors and, officially, one of the big powers.

But however genuine, the original legend lies at the root of many subsequent troubles and misunderstandings. To present France as an ally, it was necessary to describe collaboration as an exception and resistance as the rule. Far from being a traitor to his class, de Gaulle proved its savior. He limited the scope of reforms to what was unavoidable and prevented a more radical transformation of society—a vision which had inspired many a fighter in the underground. Altogether, the fiction of national unity, transcending all class conflicts, suited General de Gaulle better than it did the French Left that dominated the resistance. Contemptuous of parties and "intermediaries," the General was not going to settle for less than his own concept of the divine right of elected monarchy. A clash seemed inevitable. De Gaulle's departure in 1946 was a miscalculation. He expected to be called back with enhanced powers. When that failed to happen, he had to form a party—the Gaullist Rally or RPF—and launch it against the regime. The Fourth Republic, however, showed an unexpected capacity for passive resistance. After the



Vicky (1958) The New Statesman
Mine Own Executioner

assault, Gaullism seemed a spent force and the General doomed to exile. He might have stayed at Colombey but for the inability of the French bourgeoisie to extricate itself from the colonial war and for the *Putsch* of military commanders in Algeria.

That the General used the *Putsch* seems undeniable. On one side, he was encouraging the rebels to step up their threats; on the other, he was pressing the regime to call him in as a savior. A couple of weeks was enough to force the cowardly rulers of the Fourth Republic to surrender. Despite the legal trappings, it was a shotgun transfer of power. *Vae Victis,* retort the Gaullists, and besides the transition was legalized by an overwhelming vote. The argument sounds rather strange coming from men who are, by now, Agnew-like upholders of law and order. Still, it is wiser to assess the Fifth Republic on its record rather than on its original sin.

Like the General in his last book, one may best start with institutions. After years of merry-go-round, when the average government lasted about six months, the stability of the Fifth Republic is impressive. Two governments in a decade and really only one ruler. But how much was it due to constitutional change? A system of "direct democracy," based on the master's "communion" with his subjects and occasional referenda, requires a charismatic figure at the top. De Gaulle himself was to discover that it yielded diminishing returns as his support dwindled from the initial 80 per cent. A heavy price also had to be paid: parliament was reduced to a rubber-stamp institution, the television to a government tool, while official propaganda and pressure reached unprecedented proportions. The absence of safety valves and warning signals may have had something to do with the May explosion.

Political stability was indispensable to economic recovery; so runs the Gaullist argument, and it has some validity when not overplayed. The empty vaults of the Bank of France were refilled with gold; trade expanded and production grew. But Gaullist France carried out no major structural reforms; it merely widened the gap between rich and poor. The outcome was the biggest general strike the country had ever known.

The failure of France to introduce more radical reforms than did its neighbors should put an end to a once fashionable theory that Gaullism is a superior form of capitalist rule, liberal democracy being no longer able to cope with monopolistic competition. The theory was linked with the dream of French technocrats that the regime would allow them to speed up the process of economic concentration and rationalization. The dream did not come true. De Gaulle had to gather votes for his referenda from somewhere, and a great deal of his support came from the very people, such as small farmers and shopkeepers, who were supposed to be squeezed out. Gaullism was a response to a specific situation, in a country faced with colonial complications and a militant working class. Indeed, the French experiment confirms that parliamentary democracy is a more effective defense mechanism, whenever capitalism can afford it. After de Gaulle comes a Guizot, with his slogan, "enrich yourselves," though whether neo-Gaullism can provide the safety valves and avoid an explosion remains to be seen.

Are the external achievements more solid? The fact that Algeria, once a cancer on the French political body, can now be treated as an external matter must be cited as an achievement. Here, again, however, the critics have their points. It is true that the war lasted as long —four years—under each Republic. It is equally true that the delay under the Fifth Republic was due not only to de Gaulle's need to come to terms with the French military commanders, with the barons who had made him king. For a time, he also clung to the illusion that he could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force the FLN to accept his conditions. Yet when all this is said, he did make peace in the end, unlike his allegedly Socialist predecessors, and his experience is relevant for America. France, after all, had half a million men in Algeria; it also had native troops and a better control of the military situation than Americans have in Vietnam. It took General de Gaulle quite a time to realize that this was not enough, that war against a determined liberation movement was pointless. His strictures against American policy in Vietnam were no less valid because they were the fruit of bitter experience.

Foreign policy proper was the General's favorite field and here the verdict is difficult. To dispel some ambiguity, one must recall that the now classical image of de Gaulle as the champion of détente with the Russians and the darling of the Third World really arises from the second half of his reign. In the first four or five years, admittedly handicapped by the Algerian War, he pursued quite a different policy. He was trying to gain the leadership of a continental coalition, based on the Paris-Bonn axis, which was to put him on a par with the superpowers. Adenauer, the cold warrior, was then his chief ally. The scheme had logic. The snag was its basic premise—the assumption that Germany could be forced into a junior partnership, particularly in an enterprise aimed at the United States. Yet by about 1963, when his edifice was obviously in ruins, de Gaulle showed his extraordinary capacity for recovery and his skill in performance. Within a short period he was opening lines to Eastern Europe and challenging "American hegemony," to applause echoing from Asia to Latin America.

Performance, nothing but performance, claimed the critics, but they were only half right. To take France out of NATO, to keep Britain, the "Trojan Horse," out of the Common Market, to slow down the process of European integration were themselves achievements of a negative kind. The strength and weakness of Gaullist foreign policy were connected with the role of the nation-state in our time. Having grasped how strong the state still was, the General defied the United States, putting to shame his European colleagues who had never dared say No to Washington. But the nation-state, particularly one of medium size, can no longer transcend the imperatives of internationalism. His was, thus, an anachronistic realism. To say that de Gaulle did not have the means to match his ends does not mean simply that France was too small. Internally, he did not have the instruments ready to resist the American invasion; externally, he could not turn to the people of Europe, offering them a different life, a society radically different from the American model. You cannot expect a General, however skillful and bold, to propose the foundation of the United Socialist States of Europe.

As heads of state filed into Notre Dame for a last tribute, many thoughts crossed one's mind. These included strange reflections on the role of the individual in history, remembering that de Gaulle, having so dominated his country for a decade, then vanished almost without a ripple. One recalled his stature, if only by contrast with surrounding dwarfs. His foreign policy, for what it was worth, showed up the failure of the European Left, the bankruptcy of social democracy. Finally, with the last of the old heroes gone, one also felt that the postwar period was at last over. The General's own reign had really come to an end in May 1968, when the master tactician seemed utterly bewildered for a while by new political and social forces. That was not yet a change of the guard, but for Europe, at least, it marked the beginning of a new age of conflict in which we shall need not the deceptive protection of a legend but the more potent weapon of political consciousness. □

PROMISE OF REFORM

THE GREENING OF CONGRESS

WES BARTHELMES
Mr. Barthelmes has been a Congressional assistant for eight years in both House and Senate. He was formerly a reporter on the Worcester Telegram *and* Washington Post.

Washington

Institutionally, Congress appears to be an incurable mess. Its committees grind out piecemeal or contradictory legislation dealing with festering domestic problems. The rules and procedures of the Senate and the House exacerbate the problem by fragmenting the legislative agendas. There are other handicaps, the most notorious of which is seniority. Unlike any other public or private institution, the House, and to a lesser degree the Senate, cling to the custom of seniority as the exclusive factor in determining the distribution of committee assignments and promotions to chairmanships. They behave as though they thought seniority were written into the Bill of Rights, though in fact it first afflicted the Congress only at the beginning of this century. [See "The Dead Hand of Seniority" by Rep. Michael J. Harrington, *The Nation,* September 21.]

These disabilities have generated a set of power relationships that has debilitated the Congress and increased the susceptibility of the Presidency to "Caesarism." However, there's some hope to be found in this deplorable situation. Congress, in respect to its guardianship of the commonweal, may indeed resemble a Tower of Putty, but an extraordinary number of capable legislators have been elected by both major parties to the Senate and the House in recent years—and the trend was continued in this month's general election. That much scorned body, the House, may now contain more able and conscientious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

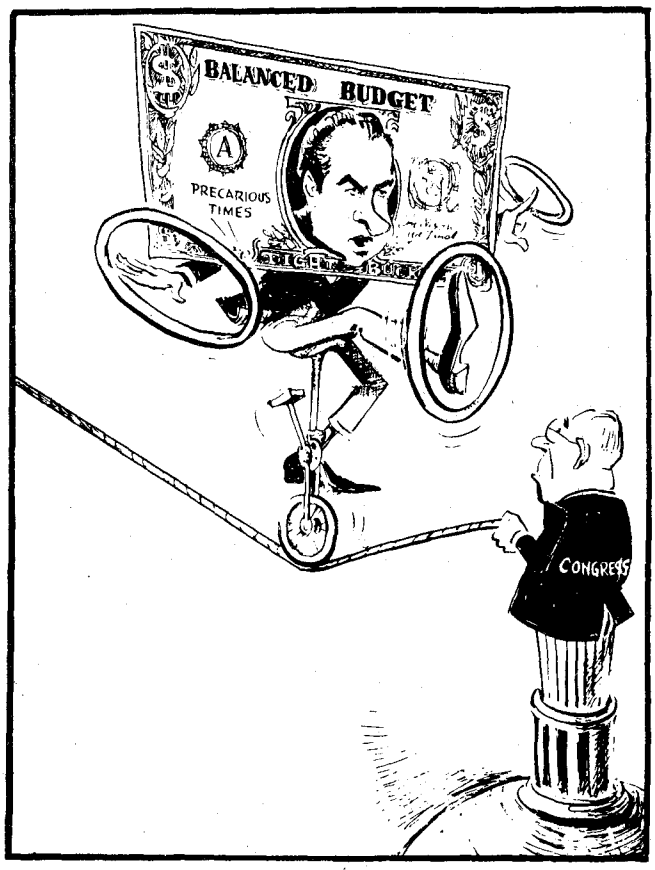
members than it has ever before numbered in its uneven history. This heartening condition is a consequence of the elections of the 1960s, especially those of 1964 and 1966. Sixty per cent of the 435 members of the House were elected for the first time within the last ten years—a hopeful portent for a national legislature that knows how to legislate and for what, and when *not* to legislate.

The new members are not exactly exponents of Theodore Roszak's "counter-culture," but they do represent a marked generational break with the waxwork political traditions that hold the House in bondage to the plunderers. Moreover, the new members arrive as needed reinforcements to the lonely Luthers, such as Richard Bolling of Missouri, who for years have publicly denounced unseemly emoluments, the sale of political indulgences and benefices, and the spread of institutional corruption.

One tangible result of this influx of newcomers has been the passage of a "legislative reorganization" bill—the first in twenty-five years. The House labored for months and finally delivered the bill in late September. The Senate approved it in early October. It is a modest accomplishment, but the word "modest" takes on a brighter meaning in an institution that has come to welcome inertia as a virtue.

The bill does not remedy inadequacies, such as the loophole-ridden lobbying registration act and other grimy aspects of money-and-politics. Nor does it authorize the tools, such as computers, needed to examine effectively the Presidential budgets. And, particularly, it does not offer a basis for unifying the badly fragmented appropriation process. But the bill does provide fairer committee representation and discussion time for members of the minority party, a slightly better public view into the interior of the legislative star chambers where the national interest is savaged, and an end to the unrecorded "teller vote," behind which members have been able to hide from their constituents.

Nevertheless, despite better members and the new bill, the Congressional whole is less, not greater, than the sum of its parts. One major reason is that new members and their senior allies are enveloped in a fog of rules, procedures and folkways that permits a handful of outdated oligarchs—committee chairmen and politically appointed staff members—to determine Congressional priorities and schedules. Is a draft-repeal measure to be discussed on the House floor? No, for Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, Armed Services Committee chairman, is opposed. Is the SST appropriation to be submitted to thorough scrutiny? No, for the aerospace bloc won't permit it. Etc., etc. The committee chairmen, whom seniority has boosted into their safe perches, are seldom accountable to any one as they decide which bills to schedule for hearings, which witnesses to summon, and how long to continue the hearings. In addition, new members and their senior allies find themselves elected to an institution still laboring under a stifling "go-along to get-along" life style imposed by the late Sam Rayburn of Texas, longest reigning Speaker in the history of the House. Distributive politics, which flourished under Rayburn, gave obedient members access to



Hy Rosen, Albany (N.Y.) Times-Union

"Let Me Make One Thing Perfectly Clear . . . I Need All the Help I Can Get!"

the annual public-works pork barrel and thus reduced the likelihood of mutiny. This onerous atmosphere has been slightly dissipated because Rayburn's successor, John McCormack of Massachusetts, does not possess the habit of command that would have enabled him to perpetuate the repressive Rayburn style. Now McCormack's retirement in January, after nine years as Speaker, is opening a brutal struggle to fill key Democratic leadership positions. The outcome will fix the pattern of the House for the 1970s.

On a day in January, on the eve of the opening of the 92nd Congress, the Democrats, as the majority party, will meet in an organizational caucus to nominate a new Speaker and a new Majority Leader. The incumbent Majority Leader, Carl Albert of Oklahoma, will presumably glide up the hierarchy to the Speakership. Albert neither pleases nor displeases his fellow Democrats intensely; so far, his candidacy has drawn no visible opposition. The incumbent Majority Whip, Hale Boggs of Louisiana, is making his move to become Majority Leader. Boggs is being opposed by several non-Southern Democratic liberals, notably James O'Hara of Michigan and Morris Udall of Arizona, who courageously challenged McCormack's re-election as Speaker in 1969.

The Boggs candidacy, superficially a sectional one, must be taken seriously by liberals and progressives. For one thing, Boggs is at home with the politics of oil (and gas), and enjoys all the logistical support that that implies. Although his electoral base is in the Deep South, he has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allies among Democratic doughfaces elected from the Northern cities. Even some in the upper echelons of organized labor would accept him in place of certain rivals who don't vote for positions labor regards as essential—repeal of legislation authorizing state right-to-work laws, for example. In addition, Boggs can exert considerable influence because of his seniority. He is the second-ranking Democrat on the powerful Ways and Means Committee that has jurisdiction over tax, health and welfare legislation. He wields even more influence because he and other Democrats on Ways and Means constitute the "committee on committees" that assigns Democrats to the other standing committees of the House. The power to give—or deny—a member his choice of committee assignments is a temptation for someone seeking a leadership position.

Quite apparently, it is "May Day" for Democratic House liberals and progressives. They're going to have to scramble. They must overcome their chronic weakness for counting votes with their hearts instead of their heads. They must swallow their reluctance to use power effectively and align themselves behind the strongest possible, non-Southern liberal candidate for Majority Leader. Otherwise, there is a strong possibility that the incoming House will operate under Speaker Albert, Majority Leader Boggs, and a Majority Whip such as Rep. Daniel Rostenkowski of Illinois, who wears the political silks of Mayor Daley.

Some liberals are reacting sluggishly to this prognosis, but a few, fortunately, are alert to the potential misfortune. These few remember, among other things, that the liberal Democratic Study Group, mistrusting Louisianan Boggs's official whip system, was once obliged to establish a parallel system during a vital civil rights legislative battle, in order to make certain that each pro-civil rights member would receive notification to come to the House floor in time for key votes.

These few liberals realize that power, not reformist rhetoric, will determine the outcome in January. Their game plan might include four elements:

¶An insistence that the Democratic caucus, customarily held in private, be open to the press.

¶An insistence that votes by members in the caucus be cast in a public roll call and not by secret ballot. This would force Northern straddlers to vote "liberal" or risk disclosing their unsavory power alliance with reactionary Southern Democrats—the so-called "Boston-Austin" axis.

¶A message to Albert that liberals will not support his candidacy unless he supports a *principled* non-Southern Democratic liberal for Majority Leader.

¶A second message to Albert that liberals will not support his candidacy, and may even vote with Republicans to organize the House, unless he agrees to help modify seniority.

Seniority is not a way of life its beneficiaries would relinquish without a struggle. The historian C. Vann Woodward has suggested that acceptance of reform by incumbents in key positions would require the "greatest wholesale forswearing of privilege and prerogative since the Tennis Court Oath during the French Revolution."

Yet the proposal to lessen the grip of seniority is not without support. An authoritative publication, *Congressional Quarterly,* recently reported that among incumbent House members 73 per cent of Republicans and 58 per cent of Democrats indicate a willingness to modify the custom. Republicans are more receptive and may actually modify seniority as it applies to themselves in their own caucus next January. Democrats, having become entrenched in the seats of power as members of the majority party in the House for thirty-six of the last forty years, are obviously less enthusiastic.

But those working for reform within the House need help from outside. The earlier reference to Luther is not irrelevant. Just as the medieval Papacy, caught in its own bureaucratic and financial machinery, could not be reformed from within, so the Congress can reform itself only with outside assistance and support. Friends of popular government, battered by assaults from Left and Right, should rally in Nader-like numbers.

The commonality of Americans has rested on a belief in popular government. This has enabled them to carry the functions of government beyond the classic ones of preventing crime and enforcing contracts to those urgent tasks of cushioning or eliminating the brutal aspects of industrialization in a mass democracy. During 180 years of nationhood, this core belief has survived episodic political corruption, economic devastations, a civil war, and even the disenfranchisement of minority groups. But in the mid-20th century, the national legislature, within which popular government is thought to function, is not working. The procedural and power deformations of the Congress produce an inability to solve or make manageable our crisis of unresolved neglects. As the new Congress now stands, each new legislative output merely compounds the problems, making each increasingly intractable.

As a result, the faith in popular government, as measured by the effectiveness of ameliorative legislation, is being undermined. The next phase, as Charles Reich points out in *The Greening of America,* is for Americans to dismiss politics as a way of changing "the system." The country churns with change, but the Congress, protected by custom, privilege and institutional malfunctioning, has been the last to acknowledge the tumult. It risks becoming a marginal institution in American life.

Yet a fundamental reform of this flawed and faded institution is not beyond reasonable expectations. The House is a logical and necessary place to begin. The Senate has its problems, but its relatively loosely woven procedures and rules, administered by a more modern leadership, enable a Church-Cooper amendment or a poverty amendment to be discussed on the floor and voted on,

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, *etc.*—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

despite recalcitrant chairmen. In the House, this possibility is almost extinguished.

However, reform cannot be accomplished without a broad aggressive alliance of supportive House member and organizations such as the student-based Movement for a New Congress, the National Committee for an Effective Congress, and John Gardner's Common Cause. House reform should be made into a national issue by the time the Democratic organizational caucus meets in January. House reform became a major national issue when Speaker Cannon tyrannically ruled the House during the first decade of the 1900s, and as a result "Cannonism" was driven from the House under the leadership of Reps. George Norris and Robert La Follette.

Americans have organized "strikes for peace" and "walks from hunger." Now we should organize a "run for reform." Reform of the Congress is too important to be left to its members. □

JOHN JAY: COLLEGE FOR COPS

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook, for many years a contributor to The Nation, *is the author of* The Secret Rulers, *an examination of Mafia activities in New Jersey. Two of his more recent books are* The Plot Against the Patient *and* What So Proudly We Hailed *(both Prentice-Hall).*

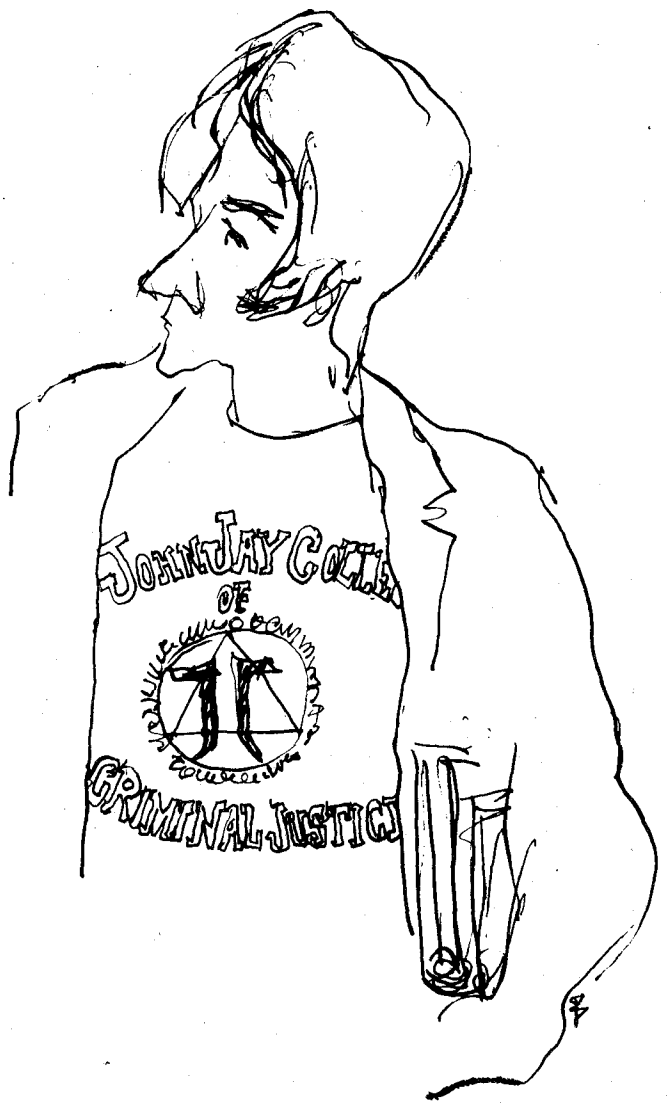
There is in America today no public man more fiercely loyal to the cult of self-worship than J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In most recent support of that judgment, which has been amply proved over the years, I cite the experiences this fall of two American institutions of higher learning—the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York and American University in Washington, D.C. At both colleges, professors, in pursuit of academic ideals of free inquiry, offered the hypothesis that Mr. Hoover, now approaching the age of 76 and having held sway over the FBI since 1924, might have outlived his usefulness.

The reaction to such *lèse-majesté* came with the speed of light. The FBI ordered its fifteen agents taking courses at John Jay to quit such heretical surroundings and expose themselves no more to the dangers of pernicious doctrine. In Washington, a similar command jerked eleven FBI clerks out of classes at American University. The president of the latter institution, George H. Williams, sent a personal apology to the director of the FBI, and at last report all or most of the clerks are back in school. The agents are still absent from John Jay, and are likely to remain so, for the president there, Donald H. Riddle, seems more puzzled by the incident than contrite.

John Jay is an unusual institution. It is a part of the City University system, with both an undergraduate and graduate school. At the lower level, it offers degrees of Associate in Science, Associate in Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts. Its graduate program provides degrees of Master of Public Administration, Master of Arts in Criminal Justice, Master of Arts in Social Relations and Master of Science in Forensic Science. As can be seen, its intellectual range is wide, and it now has an enrollment of about 5,000 students, 600 of them in the graduate school.

The college is a result of the New York Police Department's concern about the increasing complexity of police work and the increasing sensitivity of police-community relationships. Back in 1955, hoping to broaden the understanding of the police leadership, the department started a program in higher education for its officers, in conjunction with the Baruch School of Business and Public Administration. The school grew in enrollment and in the scope of its curriculum, and in September 1965, it was designated as a separate college which shortly thereafter was named the John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

Ever since its establishment, John Jay has attracted civilians, city firemen, police, FBI agents and other FBI



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personnel to its courses in the undergraduate and graduate schools. The FBI has patronized the graduate school, since all of its agents already have baccalaureate degrees, and indeed the agency thought so highly of the college that it offered special inducements to such agents as chose to pursue their education there.

According to Dr. Riddle, "a couple of officials of the local FBI office came to us during the 1967-68 semester and said they would like to send people to us to get degrees in criminal justice. The FBI would give them time off to attend classes and pay the fees for them to come. This arrangement started during the 1968-69 term, lasted through 1969-70, and we were going on with it this fall until this happened."

"This" was an incident that occurred last July. Abraham S. Blumberg, who has a law degree from Columbia University, a Ph.D. in sociology from the New School for Social Research, and is the author of three books on criminal justice, was lecturing in his course on the Sociology of Law. His subject matter did not deal with the FBI, but during class discussion a question was raised about the bureau—and the class was off and running.

As Dr. Blumberg recalls it, "many of the old critical chestnuts about the FBI—such as that they had been a bit slow on civil rights—were aired. At one point, I said something about the cult of personality and that Mr. Hoover had been in power too long."

One FBI agent in the class—an A student—took offense at this remark. He challenged the professor and stoutly defended the FBI and its sacrosanct director. But the evidence is that the class discussion somewhat unsettled the assumptions of this agent. During the summer he did some serious research, and in September he showed Dr. Blumberg a letter outlining a thesis which was to discuss the FBI and its role in American society. "The letter was rather pitiful in a way," Dr. Blumberg said, "because it appeared to be written by a man who was troubled by his role in life, who had some questions about the institution for which he was working, but was basically loyal."

The thesis outlined in the letter promised to meet head-on many of the criticisms made of the FBI, but it seemed that the writer would accept certain others, with reservations: "It was a loyal but questioning letter," says Dr. Riddle. Of course, by questioning, it sinned.

The agent put his letter into the typing pool at the FBI's New York office. Was he so naive as to think that his draft would be respected as a personal matter? Or had he perhaps an impulse to test whether what was said about the bureau was really true? If the latter, he quickly found out. Within hours, the agent telephoned Dr. Blumberg to say he was "in big trouble." The FBI had lifted his badge, his gun, his membership card in the FBI association. It had kept him under virtual house arrest and had questioned him for hours.

"The agent was sweated, ordered to destroy the letter, ordered to withdraw from the college," Dr. Riddle says. "He was given a transfer to Montana, the bureau equivalent of being sent to Siberia. He saw the handwriting on the wall and resigned. The resignation was accepted with prejudice [this is like a dishonorable discharge in military service and means that a man has a black mark against him for life], and the agent has since returned to the city and re-enrolled in the college.

"I don't think the sin in this case was Dr. Blumberg's tangential criticism of Hoover but the fact that such criticism fell on fertile ground."

The sprouting of such seed must be prevented. Dr. Riddle soon received a telephone call from a high official of the New York FBI. "He said he had been instructed to tell me that, as long as Dr. Blumberg remained on the faculty, there would be no FBI agents in the school. I told him that Dr. Blumberg was staying. He said he understood this, and they were not trying to get me to fire Dr. Blumberg. 'I don't expect you to fire Blumberg, but I have to tell you how Mr. Hoover feels,' he said."

Fifteen FBI agents then withdrew from classes at John Jay. In departing, one showed the registrar his official FBI order which said that, in accordance with the previous discussion with President Riddle, "you are ordered to withdraw from John Jay College." Dr. Riddle grimaces. "I didn't much like the fact," he says, "that my name was included in the order as if I had agreed to it.

"About half of the agents who resigned had been sent by the FBI to John Jay to prepare them as instructors at the FBI's expanding police-training program," Dr. Riddle explained. "It is terribly naive of the FBI to think they can send their agents to any college in America and not find someone who is critical of the bureau."

Indeed, it is probable that John Jay is the college in the nation least likely to offer affront to J. Edgar Hoover. It is, after all, a predominantly police school, decidedly not a radical school. The point was perhaps best made in the John Jay student publication, *LEX*, edited by Michael J. Fleming, a New York City policeman. In a lead editorial, "The FBI Story," Fleming hoped that Hoover and the FBI would reconsider the bureau's relationship with John Jay. Then he added:

> Perhaps, ultimately, it is a matter of Mr. Hoover—who has, after all, devoted his whole life to the protection of this country—realizing that any institution which holds itself above criticism will soon drift beyond the realm of reality. . . . John Jay, without a doubt, has to be one of the most conservative colleges in the country. If the FBI cannot function here, then it would appear that it cannot function at all. . . .

These are remarkable words to come from a policeman, but then there is much evidence that John Jay, by opening intellectual windows to the more intelligent and ambitious, has succeeded to a great extent in awakening its police students to the realities of their time. It does this by bringing the students into confrontation with leading dissenters and controversial figures. During the past year guest speakers have included Dr. Benjamin Spock, Norman Mailer and spokesmen for the Young Lords and the Black Panthers. The police students are not subverted at such sessions; many of them disagree strongly with the speakers. But during the vigorous discussions that result an understanding emerges of unconventional points of view.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the most graphic confrontation occurred last December when Dr. Spock explained to the college his opposition to the war in Vietnam. When he finished, one police student, identifying himself sarcastically as "one of the pigs," demanded to know how Dr. Spock could justify "marching with people carrying Vietcong flags." When the applause died down, Dr. Spock replied that he had never carried a Vietcong flag, that he had tried to dissuade others from doing so.

Another policeman rose and said: "Dr. Spock, Dr. Brutus Spock, right? You mean well, you really mean well, but you're really sticking a knife in this country. . . ." Dr. Spock interrupted. He had come, he said, not to be called names but to answer questions. "I know that half the American people don't agree with me, but that doesn't make me a Brutus." And his audience, a good three-quarters of them policemen, applauded loudly, indicating their desire for fair discussion.

The appearance of such controversial speakers had never—up until the time the FBI agent put his letter into the typing pool—caused a ripple of protest from sponsoring organizations. "We have never had any protest from anyone," Dr. Riddle says. "Never until this affair have we had any word from any agency from which students come here about what was going on here. We have never at any point had a murmur of protest from the New York Police Department."

Policemen tend to be authoritarian-minded, and those at John Jay are no exception. But perhaps because those who take college courses or enroll for graduate work are among the more intelligent and ambitious (many seek to prepare themselves for other careers or to advance to higher command posts in the police department), John Jay students are several degrees more flexible than the police average. "We have surveys that show our students are less authoritarian in their orientation than the broad spectrum of the police department," Dr. Riddle says.

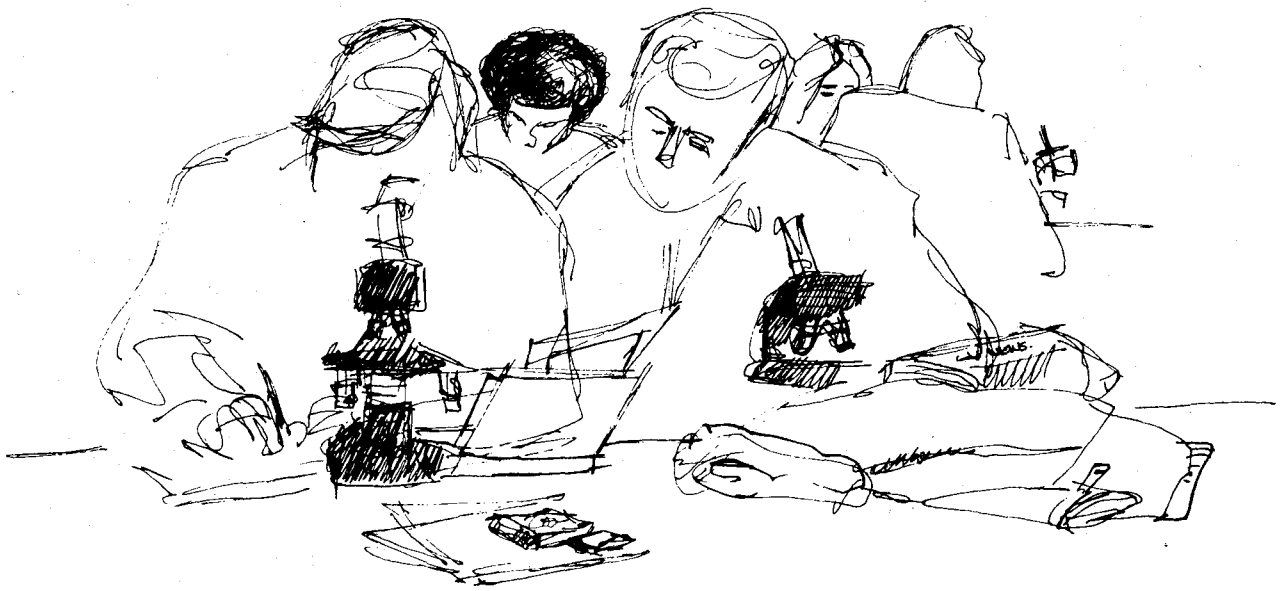
Nevertheless, the authoritarian instinct flares, as Dr. Spock discovered and as Dr. Riddle himself learned during a college teach-in after the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State University slayings. Dr. Riddle had joined other university presidents in signing a letter of protest regarding these occurrences, but when he tried to explain his position to students at the teach-in many were hostile and gave him a hard time.

"It was finally stopped," he recalls, "by a student who said that, while he agreed with my critics on the war, he did not see how they could take the stand that the President of the United States could do anything he wanted to do and at the same time deny the president of the college the right to express his opinions."

Subsequently, a referendum was held on the question of whether the college should suspend classes as a gesture of protest. Despite the heavy police enrollment, the referendum was defeated by the close vote of 52 per cent. An analysis of the voting showed, Dr. Riddle says, that "if every civilian student had voted, and voted to close the college—neither of which was true—at least 20 per cent of the police students here must have also voted to close." That is a surprisingly strong measure of dissent in a student body drawn from what is generally considered one of the most authoritarian elements in American culture.

There have been other signs at John Jay that many of the students it is training for future careers have independent minds and are able to appreciate issues that cut across the lines of traditional authoritarian loyalty. "In some of our classes there was really trenchant criticism of the handling of the Kent State affair," Dr. Riddle recalls. "A number of our students, from a professional point of view, were very critical of the Ohio National Guard for putting young, untrained men in such a situation, equipped with live ammunition."

There was a similar reaction to the Chicago police's handling of demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in 1968. The New York Police Department had sent observers to Chicago, and they had witnessed the wild clubbing of McCarthy workers and peace demonstrators in what the Walker Report later termed a "police riot." Two of the police students at John Jay



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had seen what happened with their own eyes, Dr. Riddle says, and "they were extremely critical of the conduct of the Chicago police and explained why such a thing could never happen in New York."

Despite the obvious sympathy of many New York policemen for the wild-swinging, hard-hat construction workers who beat up peace demonstrators in Wall Street last May, there is probably much justification for the belief that the command echelons of the New York Police Department are too intelligent and sophisticated ever to permit their force to run amok in the manner of the Chicago police. One reason for this, almost certainly, is the great influence John Jay has exerted by exposing students to the intellectual atmosphere of college—and to an understanding of both sides of complicated issues.

The effects are observable in many ways. John Jay has, among other things, an excellent Drama Department. Last year a Negro patrolman-student wrote two original one-act plays that Dr. Riddle describes as "very moving." Last year, also, police-students enacted Ugo Betti's extremely complex, subtle—and difficult—play, *Corruption in the Palace of Justice*. McCandlish Phillips wrote in *The New York Times* that he had expected the play to be a flop because it taxes the ability of the most skilled actors, but that he came away having been impressed by the "immense gusto" and reality the amateur police actors achieved. Betti's play is being revived at John Jay on December 3, 4 and 5. Lieut. Walter Stone, who plays Judge Maveri in the new production, is assigned in real life to investigating the bomb plots and bomb explosions that are the most extreme expression of hostility to the power structure of the country.

Other personal incidents illustrate how the school broadens the horizons of its police students. One Transit Authority policewoman, Dorothy Uhnak, wrote her first mystery novel while attending classes at the college. Her book, *The Bait*, later received the Mystery Writers of America award as the best first novel of the year, and Miss Uhnak quit police work to become a full-time author.

The following hypothetical history is more typical: a high school student from a poor family, unable to go on to college, joins the police department. Subsequently he marries. "Many policemen marry schoolteachers," Dr. Riddle explains, "and the wives often motivate them. This becomes Operation Bootstrap for them. It may take them nine or ten years in part-time study in undergraduate school to get their bachelor's degree, but they are proud when they do. As one said on the day he got his degree, 'Until this day, I was the only member of my family except my 12-year-old son who didn't have a degree.' "

Many police students find that the college gives them an interest and stimulation in life that they had lacked. "This becomes a way of life for them," Dr. Riddle says. "The courses, the studying, become a part of their regular operating procedure, and when it ends, when they get their bachelor's degree, they often suffer a sense of loss. Many enroll almost immediately in a graduate program. It is not unusual for me to walk along the corridor and meet a student who had just graduated in the previous semester and who is back with us again. I laugh at them and say, 'You just couldn't get away from us, huh?' and they laugh and say it's true—they couldn't."

Dr. Riddle has implicit faith in the capacity of man to grow and change—given the proper stimuli. A most heartening example of such development is the case of Raymond Wood, a New York detective who in 1965 played an undercover role akin to that of an *agent provocateur* in the so-called Black Liberation Front plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty.

Testimony showed that one of the defendants in that case remarked casually one day that he had seen the Statue of Liberty and would like to blow the old bitch's head off. "Why not?" said the helpful Wood. From that exchange, the scheme grew. Using police funds, Wood rented a car to drive the plotters to pick up the dynamite; police funds paid for the explosives; and when the defendants were arrested, they were allegedly rehearsing the sabotage program that Wood had mapped out for them.

Yet in an issue of *LEX*, this November, there appeared a column stressing the need for students to care about the victims of society. In part, it said: "We are now insensitive to the teeming huddled masses which our 'Lady of Liberty' is sworn to protect. . . . Our politics vary from the absurd to the surrealistic incarnation of the theory of the 'might makes right' concept. We accommodate and vacillate to this 'power theory' so frequently that we cannot distinguish our free and willful acts from those which have been dictated to us by our own greedy ambitions."

The column was signed by Raymond Wood, the former overactive agent in the great Statue of Liberty plot. "I have to think that Wood is a different man now than he was when that plot took place," Dr. Riddle says. And he adds: "It happens. Men do change."

In further proof, he cites the unusual story of a police-student who graduated from John Jay in June 1968:

> This student graduated from high school in 1936 at the age of 19, with an average of 69 per cent. . . . Four years later, he entered the police department. After sixteen years on the police force, he started college in the spring of 1956, twenty years after graduating from high school. He then dropped out of college for a year and a half, returning in the spring of 1958 and, except for the spring semester of 1962, continuously attending college, graduating with an index of 3.9 (out of 4.0), *summa cum laude*, and valedictorian of his class. He was then 51 years of age and a deputy inspector in the police department.

For another slant on what John Jay has done to educate modern-day policemen, it is instructive to look at a partial list of its alumni. They include: Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy of New York; Johannes Spreen, former Police Commissioner of Detroit; William O'Rourke, Safety Commissioner for Delaware; William F. Powers, Commissioner of Public Safety for Massachusetts; Allan Kornblum, Princeton University Director of Security, and George Blumenthal, Director of New Mexico's Governor's Policy Board of Law Enforcement.

A list of some distinction, one would say, a list that seems to indicate that John Jay must have something to contribute to the improvement of police science. Yet this is the school from which, as it now stands, FBI agents are forever barred. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE 'STREET PEOPLE' OF DENMARK

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of CBS News.*

Copenhagen Stands Svinet!—Tjen Folket! (Stop the Pig!—Serve the People!) says the neatly stenciled sign on a wall near the Parliament building. At last, the cultural revolution has blown into the ancient kingdom of Denmark. And with it has come anger in the universities, trouble in the high schools, confrontations with the police. The "letters to the editor" columns in such staid Danish newspapers as *Berlingske Tidende* and *Politiken* reflect a growing feeling in the general public that the press is playing into the hands of the rebellious by giving them too much publicity. Meanwhile, the Copenhagen police, sensitive to charges of "brutality," recently published their own study of the press, rating each newspaper Police Fair, Police Hostile, or Police Neutral. This study, made by two University of Copenhagen professors who industriously clipped the daily press for six months, has created much mirth among the young radicals. They were especially amused by the Police Fair rating awarded *Land og Folk*, the voice of Denmark's tiny Communist Party. Although much is yet not clear about the direction in which The New Society—The Danish equivalent of The Movement—is traveling, it is already evident that its participants judge political action in personal terms.

In Huset (The House), which is off Stroget, Copenhagen's main shopping street, students, leather-jacketed members of the "Wild Angels" motorcycle gang, communards from various Danish communes, poets, mystics, high school kids, U.S. Army deserters, and expatriates from half a dozen countries were sitting around in clouds of tobacco smoke, drinking Tuborg. Fragments of conversation floated along the veins of blue smoke drifting beneath the lamps.

"Don't try to sell shit, man, in Finland. A friend of mine got five years in a labor camp for selling two lids. . . ."

"Does anyone know how to make kasha bread?"

"Why don't you wake up! We live in a Fascist country. Someone I met in Morocco came over here this year. He bought an old farm for 30,000 crowns (about $4,000) in Jutland. He's gone to France now. Couldn't get anyone to help him rebuild. Every time he asked a local man for help, he was told 'We don't like niggers in Jutland.' . . ."

Formerly a warehouse and office building, Huset is now being torn apart inside. As electricians and carpenters shift from section to section, notices go up on the bulletin board inviting people to help paint the place. The idea is to provide a meeting place for Copenhagen's "street people." So far, the Danish Ministry of Culture and the city of Copenhagen have jointly invested about $400,000 in the venture. A visitor might reasonably deduce from this that the Danes, with their customary tolerance, have anticipated a social problem and provided a social solution. But such is not really the case. At least on the part of the Copenhagen City Council a sly measure of self-interest is involved. For one thing, Copenhagen is attracting hordes of mystics, crackpots, romantic revolutionaries and visionaries who have seen the early starlight of the Aquarian Age. For another, under the familiar banner, "The Streets Belong to the People," they tend to turn Stroget—Copenhagen's elegant and traffic-free shopping artery—into their daily gathering place. It is as if New York's East Village were to relocate its inhabitants on Fifth Avenue between Bergdorf Goodman and Lord and Taylor.

Moved by the appeals of the wealthy shopkeepers who decorate their shop windows to entice the booming tourist trade, Copenhagen's police have tried to move the young people away from Stroget. Until Huset opened its doors, the maneuver met with little success. The young continued to sell their love beads, smoke their hash, strum their guitars, and draw sidewalk chalk pictures in front of such pillars of the old culture as Georg Jensen, Bing and Grondahl, the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain store and Illums Bolighus. But now that the "New Society" has taken over Huset, the hope of the city fathers is that Stroget will be returned to the American Express crowd. Their hope may be premature. It looks as though Huset is emerging more as a radical communication center than as a haven for street waifs. For example, the mimeograph machine bought with state funds was used recently to turn out handbills for the mass street rallies and window smashings that greeted the delegates to the World Bank Conference. That is not what a tourist-minded city council had in mind.

"I think it's an interesting time to be in Denmark, but it's also a dangerous time," said Torben Krogh, editor of the liberal-Left daily newspaper *Information*. He is a serious young man with a nice dry wit who reminds one of a bright Middlewest college teacher. We were discussing what was happening to the New Left. "One of the main points of discussion," Krogh went on, "is the split between the rationalists and the aestheticians. So many people are now doing politics from a purely aesthetic point of view. I can give you a vivid example. In North Jutland—which is a very conservative part of Denmark—some activists led by a painter named Bjorn Norgaard suddenly occupied a church in a small village. Now this was purely an action for aesthetic reasons. Oh, they nailed a proclamation to the church door that demanded the disestablishment of the Lutheran state church. But after they had been thrown out of the church by the villagers, they could give no valid political reason for their action. The leader simply said that it was enough to make the action. In fact Norgaard now says he is planning more such 'aesthetic' actions which have replaced his previous work in sculpture and painting."

He paused and a bemused expression touched his face. "There is no doubt that a growing part of the Danish intelligentsia is on a mystery trip. They are deep into cosmology and astrology, and this trend has certainly been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helped by the writings of Ebbe Reich. I'd have to call him our leading magician. And what makes this so important is that not many years ago Reich, who is really a brilliant man, was a candidate for Parliament. In those days he was a radical. Now he says we have tried the rational approach, have done so for many years and it doesn't work. So we must realize elements of metaphysics. Reich goes on to argue that people such as Hitler and the extreme right wing have always known how to use the irrational and metaphysical; he argues that we must take this field away from them.

"The result of all this," he went on with some irony, "is that Ebbe Reich has now made astrology theoretically acceptable to many people. By challenging the traditional left wing, he has left many of them feeling terribly isolated. I suppose that tells us something about the insecurity within them.

"So there you have the situation. In a way, yes, it's very dangerous because it diverts people's attention from rather important problems. A concrete example was the recent police actions during the World Bank demonstrations. You know, the Copenhagen police introduced a new element, the special motorcycle police who drove into the crowds and along the sidewalks to clear the streets. A very dangerous tactic indeed.

"I was discussing this with one of Ebbe Reich's friends in the commune known as Mao's Happiness. His analysis was totally weird. He thought the introduction of the leather-clad policemen with their bikes and flashing blue lights was a marvelous touch. He believed they were the Black Knights, and discussed the entire action in terms of theatrical symbolism."

He lit a cigarette. "I suppose in one sense that tells you something about the social frustration with our present political system?"

Nels had come to Mao's Happiness in the first place because he had heard the commune had good "vibes." And although the vibes had not been as good as promised, he was now a senior member; there was always some hope for change. He was a thin-faced boy with shoulder-length hair cinched around the skull with a leather thong. His complexion was the color of margarine and he stared mournfully into the middle distance from behind John Lennon spectacles.

"From time to time," he said. "there is a bad kharma in this commune; the main question is the ego trip—it's hard to get individuals to see the distinction between the 'I' and the 'you,' the 'me' and 'mine,' 'this' and 'that.'

"It's really the oldest problem of all: if things are the One, why does the One become the many?" No one answered his question. So Nels continued.

"The problem is we are not all of us interested in living *together*." He paused to knock the tobacco ash from his pipe, tapping it into a half-eaten bowl of rice and pork. "And," he continued, "the world is so much larger than the commune."

"But can't you forget about the world?" asked an American visitor.

"The trouble is that problem number two intrudes. You see, at the present time we have a very flipped-out economy in this commune."

It was nearly midnight and we had been there several hours. Mao's Happiness is in an upper-middle-class suburb of Copenhagen, and on the way we had stopped and bought chocolate bars to give the commune. Someone said that everyone who lives in a commune likes chocolate. Beyond an overgrown garden we could see a three-story villa. The yellow stucco was peeling like an orange, and daubed over the front windows in foot-high lettering was a line from a Dylan song: "Don't follow leaders."

We had arrived as the commune was finishing supper. After introductions, we joined the gathering around a big wooden table. Tea was served from an enormous apple-green teapot without a handle. While the chocolate was being passed around, I studied the room. Half a dozen men and women were sitting in the dim light around the table. The men were reading *Politiken* and *Berlingske Tidende,* the women were sipping tea and sewing. A baby was being passed around with the sugar. Someone said it was the "house baby" and no one could recall whose it really was.

A visitor could not fail to be struck by the notion that it was all so terribly Danish. Apart from the baby, the same scene could be taking place in any of the other middle-class villas down the street. I was interested to learn about the economics of communal living. Nels told me that the house had been bought in 1968 for about $50,000. The annual expenses were:

$3,800: loan repayment on house
$1,100: taxes
$ 850: heating

Then, of course, came food, maintenance and so forth. No one knew exactly what all that added up to. New members were now asked to donate $850 on joining.

"It's difficult to say if we can survive," said Nels. "Copenhagen is too expensive for a commune."

Denmark strikes a visitor these days a bit as does a Richard Lester movie. It is all bits and sequences, without any final structure. You get the impression that what is needed is a national inquiry by a board of competent psychiatrists. A case could be made that the total impact of the largely nonviolent New Society movement has been negative. As in the United States, the symbolic acts, such as the invasion of the North Jutland church, or the smashed shop windows in downtown Copenhagen during the World Bank Conference, have generated the most violence. Between class and class, generation and generation, the lines of stress have already appeared. In Jutland, the new People's Party is collecting signatures to get itself on the ballot in the next elections. It is campaigning vigorously on a "law and order" platform. Meanwhile, for the first time since the war, a Nazi Party has surfaced at the University of Aarhus.

Nevertheless, it sometimes seems that consumption rather than ideology is what truly interests most Danes. It is of course ridiculous, but one may be excused for occasionally mistaking aspects of modern Danish life for the Great American Dream. To the Danes, second only to the Dutch in per capita quaffing of beer, second to none in the prodigious amounts of food eaten at a single sitting, consumption is a built-in need. Hence the importance of the new modern house, the first car, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teak dining room furniture, the rosewood TV, and the deepfreeze designed to keep a side of pig in icy comfort until the next birthday or confirmation party. Not for nothing is a familiar call to the dining table: *Kom nu griserne!* Come along pigs!

Some time ago an anxious Danish writer asked in *Politiken,* Can We Live Without Liver Paste? After 2,000 words on the subject, his reluctant conclusion was no. The current passionate attempt by the radical young to create social change through The New Society is at last a chance to make a cultural choice in Denmark, but it may be bread buttered with rustic illusions from the Tolkien Ring.

There is a Middle Denmark, as there is Middle America, and for them the pursuit of affluence is where the heart is. This is encouraged by the really vast growth of advertising—and its techniques—in recent years. Since the 1950s there has been an enormous increase in both the number of advertising agencies (including several prominent American firms) and in advertising. The advertising message has certainly replaced the political message in the consciousness of most ordinary people. Billboards, kiosks, newspapers, magazines, placards and movie-screen advertising (fifteen minutes of commercials are commonly shown before the main feature in most Danish movie theatres) spill out an almost inexhaustible stream of greasy and meaningless words and images. As in the States, change—real change—is now in the hands of those who control the consumption-oriented economy, rather than with those who manipulate the nation's political levers. Curiously enough, despite the quite obvious "old-boy network" that connects the world of politics on the Holmens Canal with the world of business a few blocks away, no serious attempt has yet been made by Danish radicals to expose or illustrate the relationship. In any case, the ideals that once promoted Danish social welfare appeal less strongly nowadays than does *gris pa gaflen* (pig on the fork), and it is not farfetched to suggest that IRMA, a major Danish supermarket chain, has replaced the Lutheran state church as the cultural center in every Danish town.

As long as the "standard of living" continues to be the single most interesting topic of ordinary household conversation, Danes are bound to be impressed by symbols of possession. Georg Jensen silver, Verner Panton furniture, Arne Jacobsen buildings, Beomaster stereo hi-fi and Flora Danica porcelain may be the last word in classic Danish design; but to Middle Denmark it is what they stand for that counts: live better!

This autumn has not been a good period in Denmark. As members of Parliament returned from their vacations in Mallorca, Hilmer Baunsgaard's coalition government was wrestling with the nation's worst financial crisis in years. The Danish crown, already hit hard by horrendous inflation, hovers on the brink of enforced devaluation. In an attempt to satisfy the international banking community, Baunsgaard has put a freeze on wages and goods. This has produced an epidemic of work stoppages and with them a good deal of public grumbling. In the meantime, as Torben Krogh pointed out earlier, the traditional left wing, usually the source of social progress, is in sad shape; its private despair leads to symbolic but ultimately self-defeating tactics. For the time being, rational discourse is out of favor on the Left, and political action in personal terms has taken its place. Unluckily, it is a program without much appeal to Middle Denmark, and so the unhappiness of the young remains. "The problem with the New Society program," one young Danish radical told me, "is that we have all the brains, but they have all the votes."

To the extent that this is true, the cultural revolutionaries are likely to find out that commitment alone is not enough. *Stop the Pig! Serve the People!* continues to be, for most Danes, an invitation to start eating. □

UNDERMINING PUBLIC TRUST

THE PRESS-CARD DISGUISE

BRUCE J. OUDES
Mr. Oudes is a free-lance newsman in Washington, D.C.

Washington

Either an increasing number of public officials are posing as newsmen in order to gather intelligence, or newsmen are becoming more willing to expose such imposters. These are the two possible interpretations of a number of recent documented occasions when police and military officials masqueraded as reporters. For example:

¶U.S. military officials have acknowledged that two intelligence agents were accredited as reporters and planted in the Saigon press corps this year.

¶A Detroit policeman identified himself as a free-lance press photographer in order to gain entrance to the annual meeting of General Motors.

¶Members of the 116th Military Intelligence Group in Washington have routinely posed as members of the press, according to a letter received by Rep. Cornelius Gallagher (D., N.J.) from what are described as "sources close" to the intelligence group. Until early this year, the letter said, the unit recorded major demonstrations with a TV video tape camera and sound equipment mounted in a truck labeled "Midwest News."

¶Washington newsmen exposed a policewoman, Dixie Gildon, when she identified herself at a news conference as "Ditty Ayers," a "free-lance writer." Reporters had noticed her at other news events, including a sit-in in the office of then HEW Secretary Robert Finch; she would give her affiliation as some "college" or "small-town" newspaper.

¶Two men who were filming an anti-war demonstration in Washington last spring wore red-stenciled badges read-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing "Press," but a small identification sticker on their camera read "U.S. Capitol Police." When questioned by a reporter, the men said they were with the Capitol Police but insisted they were also members of the press.

There is no effective way to measure the frequency of such masquerades, since a successful hoax is undetected, but spokesmen for professional journalistic organizations fear that the practice has increased markedly in recent years. It is said to have grown as authorities have become less able to infiltrate politically vocal organizations.

"This is a reasonably recent phenomenon," says Frank Angelo, president of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic fraternity. The American Newspaper Guild has deplored it as a form of harassment of newsmen parallel to the practice of issuing subpoenas to force reporters to disclose their sources of information.

Whether the issue is impersonation or privileged information, what worries the newsman is the effect on his relationship with his sources. That is why some newsmen are beginning to wonder if they have been too complacent in the past toward government imposters wearing "press" badges. Thus the increase in the number of reported impersonations is probably caused both by an actual growth of the practice and by a growing willingness of reporters to expose the incidents they detect.

Ad hoc protests by newsmen have resulted in a number of statements of official policy. The pattern for these replies was established two years ago by then Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark in a letter replying to a complaint by the three television networks that FBI agents had posed as television newsmen during an alleged draft-card burning. Clark wrote: "Instructions have been issued by the FBI director to all FBI personnel that under no circumstances are they ever to pose as members of the news media in connection with any future investigation." A Justice Department spokesman said recently that the policy remains in effect.

But all the instances cited above occurred after Clark made his statement, and it is not unfair to suspect that at least some police and military units have decided to imitate the FBI technique, with the understanding that they will drop the practice when and if they get caught. In Detroit, Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy (who has since been appointed New York Commissioner) wrote a letter to assure newsmen that the G.M. incident would not occur again. Chief James Powell of the Capitol Police replied to a protest against the April incident by saying that no member of the Capitol Police "has been identified" as a participant "in what you termed to be a masquerade. In addition, officials of the force have instructions which will preclude such masquerades being attempted." Chief Powell explained that he had been unable to verify the alleged incident. "If we photograph any groups in the future, we will do it as uniformed officers."

Metropolitan Washington police will no longer be permitted even to "imply" that they are newsmen of any kind, including free-lancers, a department spokesman said after "Ditty Ayers" was uncovered. However, plainclothes photographers will continue to operate at demonstrations, and the new procedure does not stipulate that police may not attend news conferences under other aliases. "We're doing nothing to prevent a policeman at a news conference or demonstration from identifying himself as, for instance, a telephone man. We're not closing that option," the spokesman said.

In sum, police and other officials seem only too willing to concede newsmen their point—but only after their agents are caught in the act. While public officials back down on the issue, perhaps to preserve the good will of the local press corps, they are not at all convinced that the newsman's need to preserve the confidence of his sources is a greater public good than a police agency's need to stay abreast of what's going on by whatever means are available. "One of the reasons we handle demonstrations well is because we know what's going on," said one Washington metropolitan police officer. Police masquerade as all sorts of people, including prostitutes and narcotics addicts; they wonder why they should be forbidden to pose as news reporters.

Some newsmen, particularly those who have built a career by posing as anything from a shoplifter to a police captain to get their stories, are inclined to agree with the police view, at least to the extent that they're willing to overlook officials who pose as newsmen, if the police will continue to overlook newsmen who masquerade as officials. "Cops posing as newsmen? What would happen to newsmen posing as cops?" asks Samuel Archibald, director of the Washington office of the University of Missouri Freedom of Information Center. "In California I used to flash my press card and say 'state capitol' all the time. I'm certain the White House press does the same thing." Archibald admits that the practice is illegal, but says the first goal of the newsman is "access" to information, by whatever means. He places this above the need of the newsman to be honest with his sources as to his identity. Archibald places little stock in official state-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments about restrictions on impersonation. "They're going to do it and hope to hell they don't get caught."

Other newsmen argue that two wrongs do not make a right; that, as Archibald concedes, it is illegal for anyone to impersonate a public official, and that, in instances where criminal law is not applicable, a hoodwinked citizen could build a suit for fraud against the reporter—and his publisher. Further, they say, the shady practices of some newsmen should not be allowed to characterize the entire unlicensed and unlicensable news "profession." One could argue that access to information would actually be improved for all newsmen, regardless of their individual ethics, if public officials as a class could be effectively prevented from impersonating reporters.

Sen. Alan Cranston (D., Calif.), a former journalist, recently called the ruse of officials disguising themselves as newsmen "a serious and growing national problem—one that merits Senate attention." He strongly supported the need of the press to enjoy maximum credibility. "I doubt that the police get much valuable evidence by pretending to be reporters," he said. "I doubt that the public is any safer because a policeman masqueraded as a reporter. . . . But I am convinced it does a great deal of harm. It harms newsmen and cameramen and broadcasters—the thousands of legitimate American reporters who base their jobs, and often their safety, on the thin edge of public trust. But, most of all, it harms the American public—the millions of readers and viewers who will not get a complete and accurate story because news sources no longer believe they can level with newsmen."

One important loophole in the situation is that sloppy procedures by editors have made it easy for cops to appear as newsmen. In Baltimore, for instance, the all-important police press card is signed only by the police commissioner. The papers also issue their own identification card, but reporters generally rely on the police card —a more impressive document—even in situations that do not involve the police, all too often leaving the impression that they are cops instead of newsmen.

In New York, also, press cards are issued under the direction of the police commissioner. "The assumption is that the guy asking questions could well be a policeman, despite his press pass," says Aryeh Neier, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union. In Washington, on the other hand, 2,000 newsmen carry identification cards approved by a committee of both newsmen and police, and it is therefore more difficult for an undercover agent to get one.

James Cesnik, the American Newspaper Guild's director of research and information, points out also that there has been such a proliferation of legitimate news organizations, particularly in the electronic media, that even professional newsmen cannot be certain that an outfit such as "Midwest News" is phony. He adds that the heavy use reporters make of the telephone increases the temptation to impersonation. Paul Valentine, a *Washington Post* reporter, cites a personal example. While he was covering a rally at a local church on February 18, one of the organizers of the event received a call from someone identifying himself as "Paul Valentine of the city desk." While the real Paul Valentine listened on an extension, the imposter asked if a certain politically significant person was there. Unfortunately, Valentine says, the rally organizer "couldn't keep her cool. She lit into the guy and asked him his number. He gave her the *Post* number and the extension of the national news desk. Imagine—he knew that one out of 1,000 or more extensions at the *Post*." The same voice called twice more that evening, only to become silent when the rally organizer came on the line. "Was he a crank?" Valentine asks, "or were the two later calls a deliberate attempt to make us think he was a crank?"

If, as Senator Cranston, the Guild, Sigma Delta Chi, and others maintain, the impersonation of newsmen has become a serious problem, what should be done about it? Lawyers say judicial relief would be difficult because newsmen would have a problem setting up a test case to prove in court that impersonation had damaged their credibility with their sources. How do you measure precisely the damage that has been done when demonstrators, who are potential sources, point to the occupants of an unmarked station wagon, as they did last Good Friday, and shout, "There goes WFBI"? The reporters were in fact from radio station WTOP, but the demonstrators could not be convinced. "It's difficult to know what you, a reporter, haven't been told," says David Swanston, former newsman and staff aide to Senator Cranston.

After the "Ditty Ayers" incident, more than two dozen indignant staffers of the Washington *Evening Star* vowed to interrupt any news conference to accuse publicly a police agent whom they recognized among the reporters. "When we sense an infringement, we will try to identify the agent, get photos of him if possible, and complain to the [police] department. We will leave it to the sponsors of news conferences to decide whether exposed police may remain and listen; our purpose will be served merely by the exposure."

But something stronger may be called for. Perhaps the unmasked government agent—and his supervisor—should lose their jobs. A firing or two should be sufficient to convince government officials that the charade is not worth the risk. Such action could be initiated by administration decree at local, state or federal levels; but a permanent solution would be to write legislation forbidding public officials from implying or intimating that they were private newsmen of whatever stripe, and providing suitable penalties for infractions.

Such action to protect the credibility of the press would be companion legislation to the laws, now in force in many states, that assure the newsman of his right to protect his sources. Some skeptics note the difficulty of enforcing a law against impersonation, since public officials do not readily prosecute themselves; but one can argue that the law would be in large measure self-enforcing, since public officials could be unmasked not only by newsmen but also by tips passed from fellow public officials, be they disgruntled, jealous, or—as in the case of the 116th Military Intelligence Group—simply conscientious citizens. Some newsmen also fear that the legislation could not be enacted without some form of licensing, a finite determination of just what constitutes a newsman, which in itself is a limit on press freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This fear, however, can be discounted, since no precise definition of a newsman is required; and if it were included, the law would be vulnerable to challenge on the basis of the First Amendment.

Whatever is done, the burden of making sure who he's talking to will still rest with the citizen. As one public official said to me: "If some jerk is dumb enough to talk to someone without knowing who he is, then it's his own tough luck." True enough, but if the citizen-jerk can have some assurance that the person who identifies himself as a newsman is at least not a government spy —though he still may be a con artist, private eye, or nut —then "big brother" will be just that much less intrusive. □

VIETNAM: SHADOW ON THE COURT

BARRY SCHWEID
Mr. Schweid is a Washington, D. C. newspaper man.

Washington

The Supreme Court's refusal even to hear the Massachusetts anti-war suit gives President Nixon time to "wind down" the war in Vietnam without suffering a judicial review that his lawyers say could only embarrass the nation and insult the White House and Congress.

But unless he uses that time to get most or all of the American troops out of Vietnam, the President is subject to being insulted again, although Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold and Justice Department lawyers may have overstated the consequences in their zeal to warn the Court off Massachusetts' suit.

The lame-duck Congress and the Congress that convenes in January are unlikely to give the White House much trouble. Hatfield-McGovern is dead; prospects for new moves to smother the war kitty are slim, especially since the Administration picked up two to four hawk votes in the election.

The courts are another matter. At least two dozen Massachusetts men and the state's attorney general, Robert H. Quinn, are ready to point another anti-war suit to the Supreme Court, arguing that without a formal declaration of war the President cannot send fighting men to Southeast Asia. This time, Quinn is beginning at the district court level, which may be enough of a gesture to tradition to capture a high Court vote or two.

Meanwhile, the Federal Court of Appeals in New York City has ruled what the Supreme Court would not—that the question of the President's power to dispatch troops is justiciable. Another anti-war suit is making some legal headway in California. And though judges in New York and in Virginia recently threw out suits challenging the war, appeals will follow, enveloping the Supreme Court once more in the war's shadow.

When all the litigation began, years ago, Justice William O. Douglas stood alone in demanding that the high Court consider these constitutional claims against the government. Three years ago, he picked up an unlikely ally, Potter Stewart. This normally conservative jurist observed that the "large and deeply troubling questions" raised by the war would not go away simply because the Court was refusing to rule on them.

Now, John M. Harlan, also conservative, but an exceptionally open-minded jurist, has joined Stewart in the view that Massachusetts was entitled to a hearing on at least two points: whether the state has legal standing to sue to protect its citizens from a war they consider illegal; whether the issue is one the Court can settle.

Court watchers are confident that only one more vote is needed to bring the Justices to grips with an anti-war test case. The best prospects for this vote are William J. Brennan, Jr., and Thurgood Marshall, bona fide members of the old Warren Court's liberal majority, but strangely silent on this quest for judicial action.

There is an old tradition that the Court should quietly acquiesce in Presidential and Congressional actions during wartime. It started in 1827, when the Court said the authority to decide whether a military emergency exists "belongs exclusively to the President." With this declaration by Justice Joseph Story, the Court ruled against a New York State militiaman who had refused to be called into federal service.

In 1865, though the vote was a close 5 to 4, the Court upheld federal seizure of ships that had tried to break a blockade of Southern ports. President Lincoln had acted without a Congressional declaration of war.

In 1944, the Court approved the exclusion of all persons of Japanese ancestry, including U.S. citizens, from the West Coast "military areas." With considerable understatement, Justice Felix Frankfurter wrote: "The respective spheres of action of military authorities and of judges are of course very different."

The six Justices of the 1970 Court who turned Massachusetts down said nothing. There is no way of knowing, then, if tradition moved them or if they were influenced by Griswold and other government lawyers who talked darkly of hamstringing the President and hurting the nation in foreign eyes.

There is another tradition, though, cited by Douglas in his dissenting opinion. The 72-year-old Justice recalled that in 1952 the Court did not hesitate to veto President Truman's seizure of private steels mills, and that in 1969 the Court ruled that the exclusion of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell from the House was unconstitutional.

"It is far more important to be respectful to the Constitution than to a coordinate branch of government," Douglas said. And if President Truman had to follow procedures prescribed by Congress in dealing with strikes, Douglas said, "it follows *a fortiori*" that President Nixon "must follow procedures prescribed by the Constitution." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Aldous Huxley and the Failure of Success

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND THE WAY TO REALITY. *By Charles M. Holmes. Indiana University Press. 238 pp. $7.95.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has just completed a study of Aldous Huxley.

Of all the reputations of the decades between the Great Wars, the most uncertain in 1970 is perhaps that of Aldous Huxley. His friend Lawrence, who was temporarily out of favor, is at last firmly established as the classic he would have loathed to be. Pound has come back; Eliot and Joyce never faltered; even Wyndham Lewis has retained a solid name. Hemingway and Faulkner have perhaps been suffering a little from the after-death doldrums. But two decades before he died Huxley's name began to lose the magic that had once made it a rallying cry of generational revolt, and there has been no recovery in his reputation since his death.

Thirty years ago any student of literary inclinations would have been familiar with every Huxley novel from *Crome Yellow* to *Eyeless in Gaza*. Nowadays such a student may well have read *Brave New World* and nothing more. And this seems rather strange in the context of fashionable preoccupations, since a quarter of a century ago Huxley was already one of the lonely pioneers in the fight against overpopulation, the squandering of resources, the destruction of the environment, the monolithic police state—everything that the militant young now strive against with such passion. He was also one of the earliest experimenters with the so-called "psychedelic drugs," and his *Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell* were pioneer works in the lyrical celebration of mescalin and LSD.

Part of the reason, I suppose, lies in the generally unfortunate fate of prophets, who cease to be of interest when what they have foretold comes true. This explains the slump in the reputation of H. G. Wells, a slump so vast and so unjust that his name was hardly mentioned when men finally lived out his fantasy of visiting the moon. Huxley also had the disadvantage that he was an eminently reasonable prophet, and so his essays on overpopulation and on pollution seem pallid in comparison with the doomsday apocalypticism of a Paul Ehrlich, while his modest accounts of unremarkable experiences with drugs are completely overshadowed by the manic claims of later acid gurus.

But the real difficulty with Huxley lies in the essential and perpetual ambivalence of his career. One can regard him, as I am inclined to do, as an artist who ultimately and willfully failed. One can also regard him, as Prof. Charles M. Holmes does in *Aldous Huxley and the Way to Reality*, as a searcher after truth who ultimately and deliberately succeeded. Either point of view leaves Huxley's early books, up to *Point Counter Point*, as masterly novels of ideas darkened by intellectual nihilism, and I suspect that when Huxley's time of revival comes round, we shall probably dwell upon these books of the twenties, and on the splendid novellas like *Uncle Spencer, Two or Three Graces* and *After the Fireworks* which have never been given sufficient credit. It is true that already in the 1970s the world of country houses and Italian *palazzi* which Huxley portrayed, the world of the Bloomsbury School and the Bright Young Things, seem extraordinarily alien to us. But an alien and outdated setting did not prevent Stendhal being taken to the hearts of the men of the thirties, and when I reread those early Huxley novels I find that their very strangeness throws into relief the fact that the people he portrayed in his Peacockian encounters were involved in the same kind of massive shifts of values as concern us today. To read *Antic Hay* and make allowance for the period is to experience an extraordinary sense of cyclic repetition, and sooner or later readers will find this out and go back to the pre-conversion Huxley.

Professor Holmes leads us on a quite different tack, since he is concerned with Huxley's books "as expressions of his mental life." He sees all Huxley's writings as essentially confessional, an extreme point of view which has a fragment of truth because Huxley was so naturally uninventive that he was constantly mining his own complex personality to furnish out his characters, but which is basically false if one takes it to mean that all Huxley's books were written as stages in the working out of a spiritual problem. This is doubtless true of the later novels but, with the exception of *Eyeless in Gaza*, the critical conversion piece, these are Huxley's least interesting works of fiction precisely because in them, as in Tolstoy's late works, the tractarian purpose overshadows increasingly the writer's ability and even desire to present in any convincing way the drama of human existence. For, again like Tolstoy, Huxley came in the end to the puritanical extreme of believing that even art was dependent on the self and its fatal tendency to separateness, and that the very conflicts which made good literature were incompatible with the good life.

The consequence of this development is that those who seek, as Holmes does, to interpret Huxley's life as a quest—on the whole successful—for spiritual truth and thus for what Holmes inconsistently calls "personal salvation" (for Huxley really claimed to seek salvation *from* personality), are forced to make their destination his worst novel, *Island*. For it is in this cloying Utopia, the inversion of *Brave New World*, that Huxley's final philosophic synthesis is presented. "Read as a novel, as a product of the artistic imagination," Holmes admits, "*Island* is a failure. . . . But as a frankly didactic statement about cosmic truth and the nature of man, *Island* is a challenging and courageous vision."

Only if one can equate courage with the escape into wish-fulfillment is such a statement justified. For *Island*, despite its creator's ascetic pretensions, is really an act of self-indulgence, the creation of an ideal world based on two palpably untenable premises: the first that all men can be brought to a state of mystic enlightenment, which Huxley himself had already shown to be impossible in *The Perennial Philosophy*; the second that, as he had already stated dogmatically as early as *Grey Eminence*, the way of the mystics is the *only* sure-fire way to a sane society here and now. Indeed, one of the most obvious of the limitations of Huxley's point of view is the division between his extremely perceptive and prophetic judgment of the faults and perils of modern society and his failure to provide anything more than a very vaguely sketched, decentralized society of practicing mystics to take its place. It is a failing in which, as in much else, he is an unacknowledged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA BEFORE
THE REVOLUTION

Sir:
How I enjoyed
your words last night
about this being God's war:
I was so excited
that I didn't notice eating
my mother who had fallen
into her own
apple pie.

Sandy McIntosh

predecessor of many contemporary radicals.

Holmes is no literary critic, and makes no emphatic claim to be one. What he does is seek in all of Huxley's books the clues that can be built up into a consistent progression toward enlightenment. That the continuity exists there is no doubt; *Island* is foreshadowed in *Those Barren Leaves* just as *Resurrection* is foreshadowed in *Anna Karenina,* but the mistake is to assume that the process is a progression. I believe that the rejection of aesthetic considerations, which are a matter of proportion, connotes a rejection of proportion on other levels, and that this leads to the rational weakness of Huxley's final position. So I find myself somewhat at odds with Holmes's original purpose, and I am unconvinced by the general picture he gives of a successful quest.

Perhaps I could have been more easily persuaded if Holmes had presented his case with the strategy of literary grace or even with scholarly accuracy. But he proceeds by the Byzantine method of the graduate schools, mingling fragmentary quotation and snippets of commentary into the familiar mosaic of the thesis style, which lacks either fluency of language or flow of thought. His saving grace is a shrewdness that at times enables him to detect Huxley's logical inconsistencies, but that is offset by a terrible style which seems especially inappropriate since good, craftsmanly writing was the one attribute of the literary artist which Huxley retained to the end. In Holmes's world of outdated slang, people of a certain "ilk" talk "buncombe," "take a crack" at their opponents, "vent" fixations, "imbibe" sausages, show "candidness" instead of "candor," "love their booze," have "hog-wash hearts," "spout bilge," write plays which are "immediate flops," and attack girls with "a yank or two of the panties."

Holmes has a talent for the summary that reduces a book to nonsense, such as this version of the action in *Antic Hay*: "Gumbril, after thinking of Rosie's underclothes, leaves Emily, yields to Myra and the farcical empty side of life, and eventually joshes about the whole affair." Inaccurate as well as foolish, since, of course, it is Emily who leaves Gumbril. One could point out half a dozen similar misreadings of Huxley texts, while other inaccuracies are manifold. Fulke Greville, for instance, appears as the hyphenated snob Fulke-Greville; Labuan, an island off Borneo, is said to have been in Malaya when Huxley went there in the 1920s; a scurrilous wartime propaganda story about the Peace Pledge Union having links with the Germans is uncritically reproduced; a "Lama" is quoted as an authority on the Tibetan Book of the Dead without our being told that he is not a Tibetan at all but a German who has adopted an Indian name and a Tibetan title; the same book is wrongly instanced as an example of Vedantic teaching.

I could go on and on, to the academic jargon, to the pseudo-psychoanalytical chatter that represents one character as "crushed between superego and id"—but why continue? At his worst, Huxley deserved far better. □

Nature in an Orderly Mood

PETER MARK ROGET: The Word and the Man. *By D. L. Emblen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 384 pp. $10.*

R. L. CHAPMAN
Mr. Chapman, a professional lexicographer, teaches English and linguistics at Drew University. At present he is completing a revision of Roget's Thesaurus.

Although Mr. Agnew's late rhetorical exuberance has been repeatedly set down as a despoilment of "the unabridged dictionary," it is not Webster he has been rifling, raiding, reiving, ransacking, etc., but Roget. In Roget you begin with an idea and you find a posy of terms more or less closely associated with that idea. Dictionaries have an entirely different function, and to attempt thesauric revealment with one of them would be about like painting your house with a Q-Tip.

In spite of this rather general confusion of the two great basic word books, however, *Roget's Thesaurus* has been for more than a century a genuine best-seller and an inestimable boon to the writer or speaker who doesn't quite like the sound or scope of the first word that pops into his head to tag a concept, and is sure that he knows a better word if he could only remember it. It has also been, as any teacher of writing can tell you, a pitfall for those who take it to be a do-it-yourself, jiffy-style kit. These assume all the terms in the associative cluster to mean the same thing, and write a curious language indeed.

So vast is the *Thesaurus,* so apodictic and inevitable when you thumb it and savor its architecture, that it seems like a work of nature itself in one of its more lawful moods. Now we have D. L. Emblen's biography of Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.R.C.P., etc., to acquaint us for the first time at any length with the man who produced this work of nature.

Roget turns out to be primarily a man of energy, the sort we would call "demonic" if the adjective did not sort so oddly with this priggish, stuffy, premature Victorian dynamo. He was a trailblazing worker in mathematics, water supply, optics and chess. He was a powerful synthesizer in physiology, chemistry, electricity, clinical medicine, entomology, malacology, gerontology, zoological taxonomy and more. He was even co-author of a piece on Dante. His writing was done in spare time from delivering courses of lectures at several "institutes" and medical schools in London. His lecturing was done in spare time from a large medical practice. In the rest of his spare time he held working offices in, and did the thankless scut work for, the learned societies we see strung out behind his name above, including some twenty years as principal secretary of the Royal Society. If he ever amused himself we hear nothing of it in the biography.

If Mr. Emblen is right, the unifying theme of Roget's packed but not cluttered life was a horror of chaos (one would say "rage for order," but Wallace Stevens' phrase seems to hang uneasily on Dr. Roget). He was a gardener of science, going from plot to plot with his weeding and edging and pruning. From this role and from Roget's ironic misplacement in time come Mr. Emblen's most interesting chapters, those which describe Roget's imbroglios within the Royal Society, and the writing of the *Thesaurus.*

Roget was a fellow of the Royal Society from 1814 until his death in 1869. He was elected for an article that described "a new instrument for performing mechanically the involution and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evolution of numbers," and which is the basis of the log-log scale on the slide rule. Ten years later, he published his only other article in the Royal Society's journal, "Explanation of an Optical Deception in the Appearance of the Spokes of a Wheel Seen Through Vertical Apertures." This is the meticulous description and interpretation of something Roget had seen while peering up through the blinds from his basement kitchen when a carriage happened to pass. The paper is credited with stimulating the development of motion pictures. Each essay is a brilliant *aperçu* and an original conception, but they are few and small-scale. In 1827 Roget became secretary of the Royal Society, and a multiple-committee workhorse. Not an experimenter and not much of a theorizer (he was by training the somewhat Thomistic and abstractionist sort of physician who could see no point in examining the patient), he now sat in a position of great scientific power, able to manipulate the business of the Royal Society and to have a strong influence on what was accepted or rejected for its publications. In 1830 Charles Babbage, the mathematician who may be the exact ancestor of the electronic computer (rest him), wrote a jeremiad against the state of British science and science education, the smug fossilism and establishment deadwood of the Royal Society, and the Byzantine role of Dr. Roget in cooking the minutes, blocking all attempts at progress, and so forth. With that commenced a twenty-year war of ponderous printed hues and cries. In those days no one could lodge a complaint without having it set in type, printed, bound, and wheeled to the bookshops.

Whether or not Roget really deserved to become the scapegoat of the New Men is not clear from Mr. Emblen's account, and may simply not be clear. He bore himself manfully in the struggles, and he may well have single-handedly delayed the onset of modern science in Britain during his whole tenure as secretary. His own work tended toward a grand synthesis, the rationalistic unity of science, at precisely the time when Babbage and his associates were seeing that there was nothing worth synthesizing, and that the only place to be was in the laboratory. Mr. Emblen manages to give a C. P. Snow quality to the chapters dealing with these squabbles, although he has no novelistic technique and uses a minimum of inserted commentary. We can relish the infighting, which was fierce, clever and childish; we observe simultaneously the power and the folly, the meanness and the gravity of these sober-suited philosophers of nature; all the while, the central figure remains somewhat enigmatic.

Roget lost, and after he was virtually sacked from his post in 1848, he turned to a project that had been quietly germinating in his mind since he was 8 years old, in 1787. In that year he wrote *Peter, Mark, Roget, his Book,* which included

> classified lists of Latin words and their English equivalents under such headings as "Beasts," "Of the Weather," "People," "Parts of the Body," "In the Garden," and a marvelous miscellany called "Different Things."

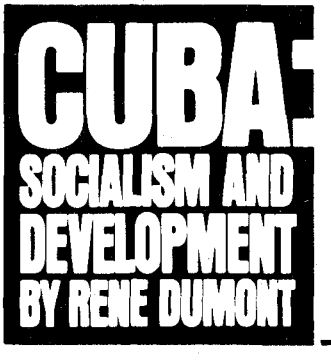
Roget's whole variegated 90-year life now takes on unity as an effort to clear up the miscellaneousness of "different things," and get everything pigeonholed and unchaotic. We have seen how this was the wrong impulse for the scientific movement of the century; his triumph came with the *Thesaurus.*

It took Roget only three years to write the *Thesaurus* and have it in print. He was 69 years old when he began. He worked on some twenty-eight revisions before his death. This is the energy I mentioned earlier, and there is no way to avoid calling it demonic. Without significant forerunners, Roget was able to marshal the whole of our conceptual morass under six "classes," 24 "sections" and precisely 1,000 "heads of significance." Except for some slight expansion due to technological innovations, that matrix holds up today, and the more you work with it the more uncanny do it and its deviser become. Finally, the marvel of Roget is that shaping power: sixty-nine years of Leonardo-like input did not end in the rich mush it would have made in most minds, but in this analytic treasure that sharply maps out the semantic fields without in the least scanting the ambiguities of natural language.

And notice that he turned to it only after a defeat; that if he had been able to bear out his bad cause at the Royal Society we might never have had the anti-climactic *Thesaurus*; that the *Thesaurus* is after all a work of nature, one of its funny accidents.

Emblen, of course, does not indulge himself as I have by picking out only the more dramatic and memorable episodes in his subject's life. He gives us a full and careful account of Roget's origins (his father was a Swiss Calvinist Huguenot clergyman), his schooling at Edinburgh, his relations with a peevish hypochondriacal mother and a strange paranoid sister, his chilly careerism, his late, brief and blissful marriage, and all the bewildering complication of his activities. Mr. Emblen is especially careful to show Roget's connections, fleeting though some of them were, with master spirits like Jeremy Bentham, his own uncle, the statesman Samuel Romilly, and the astonishing Anthony Panizzi, "the prince of librarians." It is not, alas, a fluent book, since Emblen's literary style is a little like Roget's, whose percipient mother wrote when he was 12, "He does not promise to have that *goût* for the Belles Lettres as we might wish or expect. Everything is *Calculation.* . . ." Nevertheless, the book is meritorious. I should think it is a must for anyone who is interested in 19th-century England, and to judge by the current

"One of the world's foremost authorities on agricultural planning for underdeveloped nations has written a frank appraisal of the agrarian reforms in Cuba under Fidel Castro . . . The book is clearly written and well documented by concrete details that trace the Cuban experience since Castro's revolution . . . As a critique of Cuban revolutionary economy and a comprehensive handbook for revolutionary agricultural planning, Dumont's book may well be the best available."
—*Publishers' Weekly*



$7.50 clothbound; $1.75, paperbound
Now at your bookstore, or order direct from
GROVE PRESS
315 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publishers' lists this is no mean multitude.

Now, irresponsibly, I want to end with two tidbits. First is the impressive fact that Roget taught himself to control voluntarily the pupils of his eyes; and, of course, he wrote a paper about that. Second, a paragraph from a treatise called "Advice to the Poor," which Roget, trying to be as helpful as he could, wrote in 1810 for the ghetto-dwellers of Manchester:

> Your health will always be materially injured by the following circumstances: living in small back buildings, adjoining to the open vaults of privies; living in cellars, where the streets are not properly soughed, or drained; living in narrow bye streets, where the blood and garbage are allowed to stagnate and corrupt; and perhaps, more than all, by living crowded together, in dirty lodging-houses, where you cannot have the common comforts of light and air.

Those were the bad old days. □

Polluters' Paradise

THE POLITICS OF ECOLOGY. *By James Ridgeway. E. P. Dutton & Co. 222 pp. $5.95.*

C. W. GRIFFIN

Mr. Griffin, a licensed professional planner and engineer, is the author of the forthcoming book, Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities, *to be published in 1971 by Pitman Publishing Corp.*

Despite last April's Earth Day, and the accompanying rhetoric from politicians, industrialists and conservationists, the deterioration of the American environment continues unabated, oblivious of the oratory. Public concern has grown in the past several years, but the necessary control efforts are hopelessly lagging. In *The Politics of Ecology,* James Ridgeway, a contributing editor of *The New Republic* and co-editor of the radical weekly, *Hard Times,* explains how the political-industrial complex, operating like the military-industrial complex, maintains business and pollution as usual, with little discomfiting governmental interference.

What makes pollution inevitable in the United States is the way giant corporations—notably the oil oligopoly that controls our fuel markets—have politically rigged the economic system to encourage pollution. The disastrous 1969 Santa Barbara oil spill, which coated that city's beautiful beaches with black scum, stemmed from the tax benefits and other artificial economic stimulants to reckless underwater oil drilling. The oil imports quota racket, initiated in the Eisenhower era, keeps foreign oil out of the country and bloats the price to American consumers by roughly $6 billion a year. Compounding the nonsense is the tax evasion legalized by the 23 per cent oil-depletion allowance, which encourages oil men to drill on the continental shelf at taxpayers' expense.

Even the Vietnamese War contributed to the Santa Barbara disaster, according to Ridgeway. During 1966 and 1967, Lyndon Johnson's deceptive budget-balancing act, necessitated by his guns-*and*-butter program, depended on carefully timed lease sales of oil-drilling sites on the continental shelf. The most notorious of these was the Santa Barbara channel site.

The nation's tax laws offer incentives to industrial polluters through the lobbyists' loophole, opened in 1962 by industry pressure on Congress. The loophole permits polluters to deduct the cost of opposing pollution-control legislation as a business expense. In effect, U.S. taxpayers pay 52 per cent of industry's lobbying expenses to reward them for opposing the public interest. But the lobbying activities of organizations like Friends of the Earth, which attempts to influence legislation and backs ecology-minded political candidates, are not tax-exempt, and nonprofit foundations must carefully refrain from legislative activity or risk losing their exemption. Just this autumn, before buckling to public pressure, the Internal Revenue Service considered the revocation of tax-exempt status for public-interest legal organizations created not to lobby for anti-pollution legislation but merely to represent citizen conservationists in court actions against polluters. Such a policy would have completed the Looking Glass logic of the tax laws, which already, to a large extent, complement rewards for polluters with deterrents to conservationists.

In spite of the recent IRS capitulation, the Nixon Administration is still making its own unique contributions to the pollution-promoting process. Last April, for example, the President created the National Industrial Pollution Control Council, a group of top executives from corporations and associations representing major industrial polluters. The group's mission is to advise the Administration on "environmental programs affecting industry." Its chairman, Bert S. Cross, heads Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, a company that, according to Ridgeway, has been under orders since 1967 to stop discharging sulfur wastes into the Mississippi. Thus the NIPCC functions like a group of Mafia leaders appointed to the National Council for Crime Prevention to consult with the Justice Department on eradicating organized crime. Those who say Richard Nixon has no sense of humor have obviously never heard of the National Industrial Pollution Control Council. The name itself is a triumph of Nixonian euphemism.

Nixon's Neanderthal attitude toward pollution is also displayed in his Administration's opposition to a Senate bill designed to assure citizens' rights in filing lawsuits against polluters. As one reason for this opposition, a Justice Department spokesman cited States' rights, which have traditionally meant the right to do nothing. And under our "law-and-order" Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell, the Justice Department has advised U.S. attorneys to go easy in prosecuting industrial polluters under a recently resurrected but long dormant statute giving the federal government powers to crack down on such offenders. The Justice Department guidelines forbid U.S. attorneys to initiate legal action against manufacturing plants continuously discharging refuse into navigable waterways, ostensibly because such action would conflict with the Interior Department's administration of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act. The enforcement provisions of this Act have been condemned as "inadequate" by the President's own Council on Environmental Quality. But to this Administration, consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Even without these recent episodes in the farce being staged by the Nixon Administration, Ridgeway builds a solid case against the political-industrial complex. But his discussion of the population problem undermines my confidence in him—both because of its technical flaws and its dogmatic tone.

According to Ridgeway, the population control movement is a plot masterminded by "technocrats and ecologists" to "increase the wealth of a few individuals and corporations" and, perhaps unwittingly, to sidetrack pollution control efforts. Population control in the United States is unnecessary because "The people are spread over 3,615,123 square miles of land, for a density of 55 persons per square mile," says Ridgeway, neglecting to add that about 60 per cent of this population occupies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less than 2 per cent of the land area at densities ranging from 500 to 100,000 people per square mile. As evidence that population growth is "not directly related to environmental pollution," he cites increases of 400 per cent in electric power production and 500 per cent in pesticides while the U.S. population grew by only 43 per cent between 1946 and 1966. To clinch the argument, he says: ". . . the most severe population explosion exists in India. But India contributes little or nothing to environmental pollution."

As a first point in rebuttal, the assumption that India's population does not pollute the environment is, to say the least, questionable. Judged by my reading, the Ganges River and the streets of Calcutta are something less than models of sanitation. But in any event, India is irrelevant to the general argument—unless Ridgeway is suggesting that unlimited multiplication of the poor living at the degraded level of the Indian masses would be tolerable for the United States.

Using Ridgeway's own figures, I can show how a stable population maintained at the 1946 level of 135 million would have dramatically reduced the growth rate of pollution between 1946 and 1970. Electric power consumption is roughly proportional to population. On a proportionate per capita basis, electric power consumption to serve a stable population would have increased only 250 to 300 per cent instead of 400 per cent by 1966. Thus a stable population would have reduced by some 30 per cent the spreading of the extremely hazardous sulfur dioxide air pollutants produced in generating electricity. Municipal sewage waste is directly proportional to population: thus our municipal waste load would be about 35 per cent less today. And population growth increases automobile air pollution at a greater than proportionate rate; stop-and-go driving in congested urban traffic increases the pollutant emissions of each automobile, further multiplying the pollutants emitted by the growing numbers of automobiles.

Yet despite this irrational foray into statistical territory he doesn't really understand, Ridgeway does a good job in exposing the political-industrial complex waging its undeclared war against the environment. United States corporations are guilty of enough banal atrocities, even if we don't go on to charge them with sinister plots against the poor. □

A Modest Critic

IAGO: Some Approaches to the Illusion of His Motivation. *By Stanley Edgar Hyman. Atheneum Publishers. 180 pp. $5.95.*

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English Department at the State University at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, Changing the Windows *(Ohio University Press), and of* The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell *(University of Michigan Press).*

Stanley Edgar Hyman spent much of his life stripping criticism of its mystery. In one book after another, he probed with all the clarity of a skeptic the tricks of the medium as if, like the tricks of magic, they must be exposed before the limits of criticism could be found. He began his disclosures at a time when criticism seemed limitless, when to be a critic meant to exercise a will to power, and when mystification was often the source of that power. The power was used to cow reader and writer alike and to carve out empires presided over by figures like Yvor Winters, T. S. Eliot, Van Wyck Brooks, R. P. Blackmur and I. A. Richards. The age was purportedly one of criticism preparatory to a new age of poetry and, in *Poetry and Criticism,* Hyman expressed his impatience with such claims. Great critics were called into being by great poets, "revolutions in criticism follow after revolutions in poetry, sometimes long after, codifying and consolidating them." Hyman tried never to lose sight of that fact and he spent a great deal of his time in reviewing books and in encouraging young talent.

Iago, which he saw through proof just before his death last July, defines criticism's ability to deal with motivation. Early on he admits, "Let me say this as firmly as possible: as a character in a play, not a person, Iago has no motivation. His entire existence consists of words on a page: he has no psychology, no character or personality, no history (he has no past before the play began, and no future after it ends)." The subtitle of the book makes it clear that Hyman is interested in "approaches to the illusion of his motivation." He treats that illusion in terms of Iago as stage villain, as Satan, as poet, as homosexual, and as Machiavel. For his approaches, he uses the vocabularies of literary his-

Africa report

The Best Way to Keep Informed About Africa: Politics, Social Change, Economics, Science, and the Arts

TO SUBSCRIBE:

Please check box below and use coupon to print your name and address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Regular mail USA and Canada $8.00; Air mail USA and Canada $12.00; Air mail overseas $15.00 (125 shillings); Special rate UK, Europe, Asia, Africa (via freight to London) $10.00 (83/4d). Subscription includes nine issues and a year-end index.

BACK COPIES: Copies of previous issues are available at $1.00 each.

Cut along dotted line

AFRICA REPORT
530 DUPONT CIRCLE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036

[ ] please enter a new subscription

[ ] please change my address. My present address label is attached

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

ZIP CODE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory, theology, philosophy and psychology. As he insists, the book represents a practical illustration of the pluralistic criticism which he advocated first in *The Armed Vision*. A final chapter written by his wife, Phoebe Pettingell, on the Iago of Verdi's opera, extends the range of the vocabularies to music and completes the study.

One soon discovers that the book is more than the various approaches Hyman selects, or the mere extension of his earlier plea for a pluralistic criticism. Between *The Armed Vision* and *Iago* had come Susan Sontag's influential *Against Interpretation* and its call not for a hermeneutics but for an "erotics of love." Her "erotics," which would concentrate on "the pure, untranslatable, sensuous immediacy" of images and the "rigorous if narrow solutions to certain problems" of form, leads to the kind of conditions which produced baroque music and its "boundless urge to abandon the soul to all torments and delights." It would make the conditions of art a sixth sense, an endless extension of sensation to "the Infinite beyond, yet within." For Hyman, the limits which interpretations establish function as a means for self-definition through a process of role playing similar to that which Ezra Pound speaks of in *Gaudier-Brzeska*: "In the 'search for oneself,' in the search for 'sincere self-expression,' one gropes, one finds some seeming verity. One says 'I am' this, that, or the other, and with the words scarcely uttered one ceases to be that thing. I began this search for the real in a book called *Personae*, casting off, as it were, complete masks of the self in each poem." Varying critical approaches offer readers various masks to cast off. The validity of these masks comes from the fact that, by offering the possibilities of choice, alternatives tend to validate one another.

In presenting his response to Miss Sontag's "erotics of art," Hyman in no way abandons his earlier opposition to hierarchical criticism. This criticism would give readers a complex mask in which the values of one critical approach dominate; the integrated self which such an approach suggests forbids any inventive role playing. As Hyman confesses, if he had had to choose a single, hierarchical approach, he would have focused the book on Iago as Satan. Certainly, the subject offers one of the most interesting and most fully realized chapters. But the problem of beginning in that way, projecting a complex figure whose hierarchy of values is already decided, is that the reader gets no chance to integrate these values into his own system and self. He must accept or reject wholly. In accepting, he is led not to the independent judgment and criticism which Hyman believed in but to the cults of criticism that dominated the literary scene when Hyman began writing. In rejecting, the reader must do the work of criticism all over again.

Despite the argumentative nature of such a position, Hyman's writing is always open, graceful and lucid. The insights combine old and new readings, qualifying, rejecting, recommending, but always avoiding the diatribes of debate. The reader is almost lulled into believing that the book exists independently of the attacks it makes obliquely. On occasion he thinks, "But no critic ever writes so simplistically!" True, but then no magician ever performs so transparently as a debunker. It is as easy to come up with a bizarre Shakespeare as it is to come up with a bizarre anyone—the critic has merely to narrow monomaniacally the range and axis upon which he reconstructs a work. Hyman certainly could have evolved a revolutionary new Iago by such a narrowing, but instead he has given us a refreshing book, revolutionary in its generosity and sanity, which makes the final, most persuasive appeal to readers. □

DROWNING

Running there I see
Long hair rippling
On water then a face
Emerges under it

Oh the whiteness in those arms
Beating like a baby crane
On its first lap

This girl going down
Like a paper boat in midstream
The third time drawing her hair
As if tied to the roots of water

G. S. Sharat Chandra

FILMS / Robert Hatch

"Who but an idiot or a saint or the director of *Faces* could find beauty in the idea of three middle-aged, middle-class, mediocre, browbeaten, nine-to-five husbands from Port Washington, Long Island . . . who get boozed up on beer and sing drinking songs and fly off to London like guilty, giggling adolescents?" The producers of John Cassavetes' *Husbands* evidently like that quotation from Molly Haskell of *Show*, for they display it in their full-color, plastic-bound, *Life*-sized program of the picture; but like a good many rhetorical questions, it seems designed less to evoke an answer than to detour further conversation. One casts about for the identity of who besides those specified might have achieved the unlikely feat, and in the process swallows the underlying premise.

Beauty? I would agree with Miss Haskell that that is what Cassavetes was probably seeking—I think it is the basic trouble with this disaster of a film. When you offer a social group that, without redeeming exception, is ignorant, vulgar, irresponsible, cruel and bored as being in any important sense beautiful, you are trafficking in sentimentality of a particularly noisome kind. *Husbands* stinks of corrupt inferiority. Watching its characters for two and a half hours is a wretched experience, for these men are the sort whose presence in a restaurant will cause the other customers to pay up in a hurry and leave without coffee. They make a continuous hubbub, looking around to see who's watching; they are witless clowns, talentless exhibitionists, gutless bullies; examples of what mass culture can do to the human race.

I doubt that you could make a tragedy out of such material, but it might be treated as satire, or as a cautionary horror tale. As an invigorating holiday from care—naughty, of course, but understandable, and even attractive in its sweaty exuberance—it is almost unendurable.

They exist—Harry and Archie and Gus. You can see them any night on the 6:18, college sports gone soft in the waist, and making big money in what they recognize as crummy jobs. Only, these three are a little more awful than life. They really do what the station-wagon crowd fancies it might like to do. A fourth member of their group having died, they decide to get drunk and to stay drunk as long as their fat will sustain them. It sustains them for about a week in New York and London, whereupon two of them return home to receive the admiration of their adolescent offspring and the forgiveness of their wives. The third, Harry, stays on in London with some whores he thinks elegant, but Harry's wife, in a moment of despairing sanity, had taken a knife to him before he left.

The men are played by Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk and Cassavetes himself, actors who have that American stage gift

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for verisimilitude without comment, or looking and moving and speaking exactly like guys you see in the elevator every morning, but about whom you know nothing except the floor on which they work. It is superficially brilliant showmanship, a kind of inspired mimicry that makes no commitment and leaves me feeling bleak.

Only Harry's wife appears, and she very briefly. I would have liked to see the scene in which the wife of Gus brings the boys' passports to New York in response to a drunken phone call from the mid-forties, but I presume it was thought the action would be difficult to stage plausibly. The women are invisible mom figures toward whom the husbands have incestuous yearnings that mix uneasily with the incipient homosexuality brought out by their drinking. The London tarts are surprisingly personable—proof, I guess, that dollars will still buy a lot over there. One of them, played by Jenny Runacre, a very tall girl who pairs off with Cassavetes' Gus, is an awkward hysteric who, alone of the company, develops what might be called individuality. I find I don't want to speculate on why it was thought piquant, or perhaps funny, to have as one of the girls a wan little Japanese who, improbably, speaks not a word of English, and who shocks Archie by her pathetically abrupt attempt at ardor. The photography is for the most part at extremely close range, a technically proficient device since it forces the spectator into disoriented intimacy with the drunken encounters.

I go on at this length about a picture I found stultifying because I expect it to be a big success. I think so because of the reaction of the preview audience. It was a large audience for a preview, composed not only of reviewers but also of persons I assumed to be connected with or friends of Columbia Pictures, which has released *Husbands*. This crowd laughed and applauded, voiced its appreciative recognition of the film's realistic details and looked, when the lights came up, as though its dreams had been understood and made to come true. If that reaction prevails, the producers have been very shrewd and stand to make a lot of dough. And if it prevails, American morale is more depraved than even Agnew assumes. If people in any numbers can enjoy *Husbands*, the jig is up.

A more hopeful view is that this is another case of *Death of a Salesman*, which was popular among salesmen who could tell themselves that at least they weren't that far gone. Perhaps the American slob can look on Harry and Archie and Gus and feel that there is still some hope for him. But in that case, why the laughter?

There runs through the Indian films I have seen—those by Satyajit Ray and his disciple, James Ivory—the theme of an unhealthy innocence that besets the male characters when they meet up with Westerners and Western institutions. In Ivory's films, particularly, this vulnerability underlies the plots. It is plausible: colonialism, from which India has not yet entirely emerged, tends to hold its subjects in childhood, and such movies as these may some day be useful documents on the pathology of exploitation.

In Ivory's latest picture, *Bombay Talkie*, the naïveté shows itself in the alacrity and totality with which a young Indian star of screen musicals sacrifices his career, family, and in the end his life, to a fading English novelist whose emotional cannibalism, induced by her terror of middle age, might have warned off any Occidental male beyond the age of 16. The movie is a little light for its burden of misery, because none of the characters has much stature. The man is an extrovert celebrity; the woman is a shrewd beauty whose beauty is wearing thin; the faithful but jealous friend is a plot catalyst. Yet small though they are, they all play out their fates with a persuasive intensity that makes the picture engrossing, if probably not memorable.

Aparna Sen, an extremely beautiful young woman who plays the actor's wife, has one of those frustrating roles that feel as though the real substance of the story lay there if only the plot would turn to it; she is seen only briefly, but conveys the real focus of pain in a situation that for the others is a nervous itch. Shashi Kapoor, if he had a little more weight, might provide an appalling example of a perfectly decent man propelling himself into destruction. Utpal Dutt, who played the title role in Ivory's *The Guru* and who is perhaps India's most magnetic actor, steals the picture at brief moments as a shady theatrical entrepreneur. Like all of Ivory's pictures, *Bombay Talkie* takes place against a background of serene beauty that contrasts with the immediate emotionalism and promises to outlast the hectic clash of cultures.

Perfect Friday is the newest British bank caper. It is a slavishly formula picture, but the formula is not yet worn out and, in this case, the eccentricities of character and the ingenuities of plot are of the best quality. Peter Hall, the director, knows how to build suspense with finicky detail set against a stopwatch, and he plays fair with his double crosses. Ursula Andress is Lady Dorset, blonde and with a foreign accent that obviously snared the Earl (David Warner), who is himself something improbable out of *Dorian Gray*. Stanley Baker, who plays the unduly imaginative bank functionary, is as reasonable a facsimile of Alec Guinness as one may expect. *Perfect Friday* is a film not worth discussing—which does not mean it is not worth seeing. □

GOODBYE PROFIT SYSTEM

An Aesthetic Realism Appraisal of Contemporary History by ELI SIEGEL

The Profit System is ending at this time, says Eli Siegel in this work; not through left parties and the like, but because the insufficient good will in the Profit System has at last shown itself as effect. Ethics is economics, too.

Introduction by Martha Baird. Reportorial Comments by Alice Bernstein, Barbara Davison, Ken Kimmelman, Karen Van Outryve, Miriam Mondlin, Lawrence Berke, Robert Murphy, Carrie Wilson, Marilyn Allen.

Paper, $1.75

Order from:
Definition Press • 39 Grove St. • NYC 10014

TPJ
LINDSAY ISSUE
FALL, 1970
Robert Bly
Alden Nowlan
$1.50

Year subscription—$3.50.
Send check to:

TENNESSEE POETRY JOURNAL
Edited by Stephen Mooney
Box 196 Martin, Tenn. 38237

BUY YOUR BOOKS THROUGH THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It was Shaw, I believe, who said that America and England were two countries separated by the same language. I thought of the remark at the performance of Noel Coward's 1925 play *Hay Fever* at the Helen Hayes Theatre. I am not a theatrical chauvinist, but it has struck me on several occasions that certain English plays had best be left to the English. Coward's plays are among them.

The trouble with the present revival of *Hay Fever* is not confined to its lack of English actors, but that is part of it. The proper way to speak Coward's lines is to appear unaware of and superior to them, to pretend that they have not been spoken at all.

The American, no matter how hard he tries to be casual or inexpressive in speaking Coward's witticisms, can't help seeming to mean them. And they shouldn't be meant: they should, ever so lightly, be "assumed." An American who tries to take on the Coward guise becomes false and hoity-toity. But Coward's artifice is a reality, a habit of mind and spirit so fixed that it becomes not second but very nearly "first" nature.

If any Americans are able to approximate the manner successfully, none of them is in the cast of *Hay Fever*. Shirley Booth is a natural comedian and often a touching character actress, but she is not a *poseuse*, an actressy actress. Her forte is the middle middle class, and she is out of her element in this play. Worse still, everyone and everything else —including the set and clothes—are misplaced. Carole Shelley, who is English and capable of authentic cockney speech, replaces her person by a characterization which seems to precede her entrance on the stage.

Still, the play retains some of its inherent attributes and arouses occasional laughter. I was shocked some years ago to read in Ronald Bryden's column of theatre criticism in the London *Observer* that he thought Coward England's finest living playwright. In a sense it is so: if the term means to indicate the deftest of stage craftsmen with a marked persona typical of certain aspects of English society and something of a mocking commentary on it. Coward's trick is to mask his own approval and enjoyment of what he is doing in an attitude of indifference. One is never sure how much of this is calculated and how much the real thing.

Clifford Odets' last play, *The Flowering Peach*, was an utterly delightful comedy, his final confession. Apart from the appeal of its warm Jewish savor, the play reveals him as a man longing to lay himself down in affluent ease—a state never granted him.

The Flowering Peach showed old Noah, who had been once a great inventor, and, in his uprightness and special endowments, a boon to humanity. That is why God cherishes him. He has three sons: Shem, a hoarder of money, Ham, a run-of-the-mill sensual man, Japheth, a proto-revolutionary. Odets' sympathy lay with Japheth because he believed that one had to assist God with one's own intelligent efforts and sometimes to oppose Him. But when all are saved and Noah is no longer entirely himself, the old man chooses to settle down in the lap of Shem's lavish household: "it'll be more comfortable." All this was told in a charming Bronx vernacular, the voice of Odets' kindly nature.

Richard Rodgers' music accompanies Martin Charnin's lyrics in an adaptation by Peter Stone of Odets' play, directed by Joe Layton and called *Two by Two* (Imperial Theatre). None of them is at his best. The charm has evaporated, genuine personality is lacking—what remains is a faint copy. There is now only the gesture of benevolence.

The cast as a whole—Joan Copeland, Walter Willison, Madeline Kahn, Harry Goz—is agreeable. Danny Kaye as Noah is the star. He has a winning air of probity and professionalism about him, but he seems constricted by his role. On the second night he appeared discouraged.

Anthony Shaffer's *Sleuth*, a thriller, was a great London success and will no doubt be one here as well (The Music Box). The management requests the show's patrons not to disclose its plot; I had no intention of doing so,

THE TITLE OF THIS POEM IS

A crack in the egg: that's memory Myna birds alight in the crevices
of the battered control panel which prefers loose plumage to violent exposure
as Proust in the calligraphy of Beckett persistently tired of explaining, i.e., technology
is an almost black mirror into which the heart looks upon a series
of rectangular slits
windows that cage wayward birds
apportioning to each a foothold
the claws afterwards fearing to venture far
Memory Proust forgot to say is not a cigarette it is an ash
always about to fall into the toilet bowl
How then remember the explicit
inexplicable hawk-notes the crow-bars the stanzas of cricket none of which
land smoothly on the surface of a wish
The next time you fly to Los Angeles
do not come down with Continental Airlines
have another scotch-&-soda at 30,000 feet and cover your eyes
with a blue cloth
If the wind is favorable it will crack at least one mirror
A yellow circle resembling the sun
will spill out onto your lips
to remind you of a round flame in the heart of an eagle
that you have never before tasted

Gene Frumkin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because critically the plots of thrillers do not matter.

Sleuth is written with a certain literary coquetry which the innocent mistake for style. Apart from an initial incredibility in the story's premise—which the audience has to allow in order to have fun with what follows—the rest is clever enough for those who like the game.

There is some stage wit in the recipe, even a dab of social comment. It is suggested that detective stories and thrillers (all except this one, of course) appeal to the privileged of a heartless class society and are to a degree a sign of decadence. This is not to be taken seriously and no one in the audience pays it any mind: it is embroidery. We have all heard that great men (Eisenhower for one) relax from burdensome concerns by conning tons of these fictions.

Having no direct responsibility for the grave matters that preoccupy public men, I am little interested in such toys as *Sleuth*. I do not in the least resent those who like to play with them, but I am a little miffed when reviewers rhapsodize about them. Is it possible that this is the sort of mumbo-jumbo they prefer above all else?

Sleuth is extremely well performed, in a style which befits it, by Keith Baxter. Anthony Quayle is also thoroughly proficient. The direction, the setting, are just what the material demands.

I confess to have been more impressed by Lorraine Hansberry's *Les Blancs* (Longacre Theatre) than I expected to be; more, indeed, than most of the professional theatre-tasters. At a time when rave reviews are reserved for plays like *Sleuth* and *Conduct Unbecoming*, I am tempted to speak of *Les Blancs* in superlatives.

I suspect, too, that resistance to the play on the ground of its simplistic argument is a rationalization for social embarrassment. *Les Blancs* is not propaganda, as has been inferred; it is a forceful and intelligent statement of the tragic impasse of white and black relations all over the world, as well as of the complexity of motivation and effect where European nations colonize undeveloped lands inhabited by blacks.

The play transcends the banalities in the intellectual disputes about this conflict; it clarifies, but does not seek to resolve, the historical and human problems involved. It does not provide an Answer. It is an honest play in which thought-provoking matter is given arrestingly theatrical body.

It is only a few hours since I attended the performance, so I confine myself now to these few generalities. I propose to treat the subject more amply next week. Let it suffice for now to say that *Les Blancs* has been given an admirable production under John Berry's direction, with an interesting set by Peter Larkin. The cast headed by James Earl Jones, who is good enough in himself to make the play worth seeing, also gains much from the acting of Lili Darvas, Cameron Mitchell, Earle Hyman, Clebert Ford and Harold Scott. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Flag Show at the Judson Memorial Church was an open exhibition on the Stars and Stripes. It was open in that there was no selection committee; delivery of your work at the Judson insured it a place. It was open, too, in the sense that the theme was an exercise in what could be done to the colors. A flier described the show as "a challenge to the repressive laws governing so-called flag desecration." No doubt the organizers had in mind Stephen Radich, the art dealer who in 1967 was found guilty of violating the General Business Law 136, which covers treatment of the flag. The artist who made the offending object was spared, but four years later Radich's fate is still unsettled as his case is due to come before the Supreme Court.

From the first there was sympathy for Radich, but he remained comparatively isolated, in advance of the politicizing of art in New York. Now not only has a large show been devoted to the problem that he accidentally uncovered but he has company in that three members of the Independent Artists Flag Show Committee have been busted. Jon Hendricks, Jean Toche (both members of the Guerrilla Art Action group), and Faith Ringold were arrested, and Howard Moody, the minister of the church and his assistant Al Carmines also received summonses. Scheduled to run from Monday to Saturday, November 9-14, the exhibit was closed a day early by the District Attorney's office. One work was removed by the police (a phallic flag by Alex Gross of the Art Workers' Coalition) and the other pieces were threatened with confiscation if the show reopened. The police's timing is unclear: the opening, which included a provocative flag burning, was ignored, and the raid came with only one more day of the six to run. The last opportunity to see the show was Sunday, at the morning service, for the works were shown in the church itself.

Howard Moody said in his sermon that "when the flag becomes a sacred idol we are on the way to a tyranny that all of us must resist," a stand in which he has the support of the official board of the church. His idea that enforcement of the General Business Law 136, is based on an idolatrous regard for the flag is a good one, and it seems shared by many of the artists. As Radich had originally contended, artists use the flag to protest against the acts that others commit in its name. On the whole, the best pieces in the show were those by sign users, that is to say, by artists who preserved the basic configuration of the stars and stripes and worked within its format. The combination of mass education and mass media has produced an urban folk art based on visual signs. The city's street signs and ads, the media's fund of trademarks, logos, station identification signals, and what all, have turned everybody into expert visual decoders and encoders. In this sense the Flag Show is a dispute over what a symbol shall mean.

The works at the Judson fell into two main areas, I thought: the schematic (flat and sign-oriented, staying close to the form of the flag) and the scenic. The latter works, which included tormented heads, brutalized figure compositions and satirical progresses, are a continuation of expressionistic caricature. The impulse toward this kind of art is always around, but it has been intensified by the sudden prestige of political art.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 11/30/70

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $12.50

☐ Two Years, $23.00

☐ 6 Months, $7.50

Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

1971 Sierra Club Calendar—$3.95. **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG**—$3.25 postpaid. **Saturday Booksellers, Dept. 44, 507 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017.**

KEEP IN TOUCH with the grass-roots politics. Read **THE TRUMPET** every month. 1 year—$1.00. **P.O.B. 232, Goleta, Calif. 93017.**

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE—LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE! Mao Tsetung **SELECTED WORKS**, 4 volumes, $5 total; Mao's **QUOTATIONS** (Red Book), $.40. Revolutionary literature from U.S.A., China, Albania, Vietnam & elsewhere. **ABSOLUTE LOWEST PRICES; WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY!** Send your name and address along with cash, check, or money order to: **International Books, Box 622, Bellflower, Calfiornia 90706. Prompt delivery. Free price list.**

QUEBEC IN CRISIS—A special upcoming issue of **THE LAST POST**, Canada's leading left newsmagazine, which the New Statesman calls "the best" of the new truculent Canadian nationalist magazines Documenting the effects of American economic influence in Canada and the world. **THE LAST POST** contains some of the best new writing coming out of Canada. One year subscription —$6—(check) to: **The Last Post, Box 98, Station G. Montreal.**

ORGANIZE OR DIE
Gut-level book on the
Carpenters Union
by Clyde Johnson
Order from author, price **$1.50**
P.O. Box 9351, Berkeley, CA 94709

THE UNSATISFIED MAN, a monthly review of Colorado journalism by newsmen. For 12 issues send **$6.00** to **Colorado Media Project, Box 18470, Denver, Colorado 80218.** Sample copies on request.

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3—$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00
Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive
Greenbelt, Md. 20770

MUSIC

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

MOVING can be pleasant. Call **LAKETON VANS.** Licensed, insured, reliable. Low Rates. **(212) 672-5092.**

STORMY MUSIC offers complete and professional songwriter services. Seeking new talent. For information and price list, send 25¢ to: **Stormy Music Publishing Co., P.O. Box 437, Madison, New Jersey 07940.**

A new form of what used to be called Sunday Painting has appeared, an art of protest rather than of leisure imagery. It could be called lay art, not because of the church context provided at the Judson but because much of it is not the outcome of art as a profession. It is art as a reflex of public problems; it is occasional. Today's lay artists are working in a field in which traditional craft processes have been abbreviated or abolished by the professionals themselves. Marcel Duchamp and Allan Kaprow, among others, have changed the basis of lay art, making it as hip, say, as underground newspapers. Though there were professional artists in the Flag Show, their contributions were absorbed by the vernacular whole, with its vigorous and emotional sense of occasion.

The anxiety that shows itself in endless revision, which existentialist criticism has located in Cézanne (Merleau Ponty, 1945), Bram van Velde (Beckett, 1949), and de Kooning (Thomas B. Hess, 1959) used to be embodied in Philip Guston, too. The view of art as a series of painful decisions, revealed by expressive brushwork, seemed especially his. In his recent exhibition at Marlborough, however, he not only seemed to have reduced the nuances of hesitation within his paintings but to have produced a lot as well (thirty-three paintings in the last two years). In place of his tenebrous expressionism, we were faced with a cast of figures, emphatically located in space, enacting current social stances.

How did Guston achieve simultaneously a major style change and a burst of productivity? Several factors contribute, no doubt, one of which is that he has accepted (with relief perhaps) an external drama of set figures in place of inward tensions. Once one of the most personal artists of the "I," he has turned himself into a painter not of "thou" but of "them," and they are KKK figures whose stitched robes resemble armor, à la Ned Kelly. In the magazine *Art Now: New York*, Guston says this about one of his new paintings: "Like Babel with his Cossacks, I feel as if I have been living with the Klan. Riding around empty streets, sitting in their rooms smoking, looking at light bulbs." The squat unlovely figures, whom he invents so easily in his new paintings, are, as he suggests, himself as well as *les autres*—an identification facilitated I think by his having also adopted the Père Ubu image. Jarry's gross *personnage* has a long history in 20th-century art, and its iconography, something like an appalling but not quite estranged Caliban, has helped Guston to give his Southern clichés a reserve of allusion and ambiguity.

Before becoming abstract, Guston was a figurative painter of an archaicizing and subtle sort and this shows again now, with differences. What used to be melancholy neo-classical piazzas, with children at play miming adults, has become a desolate modern city in which, as in "Edge of Town," the patrol car stuffed with Klansmen looks like a sardine can. Aside from the Ubu rider imagery, Guston has developed a complementary theme of victims—heaps of rubble and human fragments, with legs, boots, arms and ambiguous parts. The source of these pieces ultimately is the broken hand, leg and arm in the foreground of Picasso's "Guernica," a picture which influenced Guston's "Tormenters," a figurative piece of the late 1940s. The topical theme of poles of brutality and victimization coincides with Guston's earlier work and seems a source of the fluency with which he dominates the new matter.

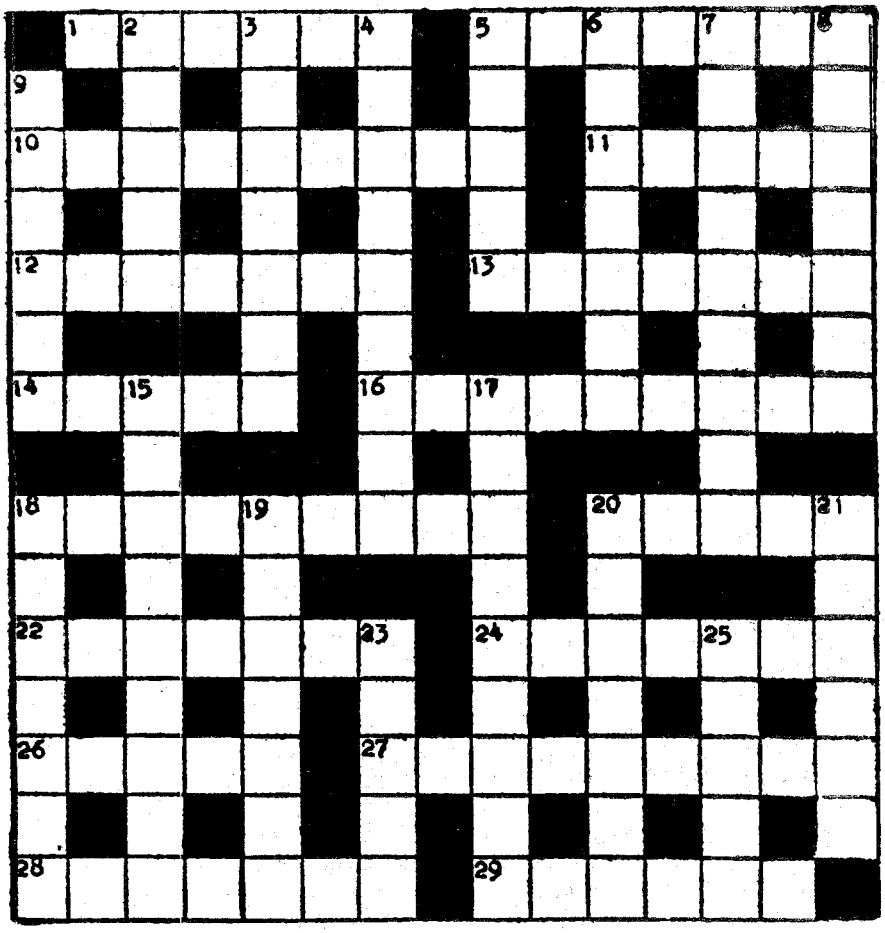
The spectrum of commitment in the art world includes events less consequential than the Flag Show and less personally involved than Guston's change of style. The National Coalition for a Responsible Congress has sponsored a Peace Portfolio of silk screens and lithographs by a dozen O.K. artists, an edition of seventy-five which is expected to raise $150,000 toward the expenses of peace candidates in the fall election. For the collector of conscience it can be viewed in December at the following galleries: Associated American Artists, Castelli, Martin Gordon, Multiples, Hundred Acres, Pace Graphics, Solomon and Co., Barney Weinger, and Howard Wise.

At the Guggenheim Museum is a show called "Artists Respond to Crisis: a Sketch for an Exhibition." The subtitle means that it will never be properly staged but here it is, as a token. The cynicism of the presentation is a bit thick, even for an institution as protected by family capitalism as the Guggenheim. It is a desultory selection of World War One-ish works, for which political relevance is claimed by captions indicating the artists' "response to crisis," or lack of it. Here is Severini welcoming the war and Van Doesburg ignoring it; here is Grosz exposing a corrupt society, as they say, and Mondrian symbolizing a new one. Here are suggestions for future "relevant" shows: The Greening of Kandinsky; or Rudolph Bauer, Victim of the Establishment (and this show has the advantage that the Guggenheim owns about 300 of his works). □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1370

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 The eating habits of some men? (6, 7)
10 A Marquis's environment for the Italian leader of the Jewish sect? (9)
11 See 14 across
12 Found in the size termed "Extra Large"? Right! (7)
13 Look at what this puzzle is on! (Just a trickle of it.) (7)
14 and 11 It should be deep in Wisconsin or Oklahoma, at least proverbially. (10)
16 Bess ain't a saint, it seems! (9)
18 Do they take what comes, but possibly shake a fist last? (9)
20 The patriot's is supposed to see beyond the years. (5)
22 and 25 down The capital of one would probably be recent. (7, 5)
24 Redoing the version that might be passed over? (7)
26 Put out. (5)
27 Possibly the gushing type use such channels more frequently. (4, 5)
28 Poet headed in the direction to think French? (7)
29 Sure to confuse one who might 26! (6)

DOWN

2 and 18 down If you do literally, you should have little after them, then the middle before the ring. (5, 7)
3 You shouldn't have much pull in this, taking no side. (7)
4 Takes another hitch, perhaps. (9)
5 Life and death are equally to the utter lost, according to Poe. (5)
6 Barns a likely place for such a battle? (7)
7 If they do, does one come back on a trial basis? (9)
8 Doctor encouraged to continue as a flower? (7)
9 A team's like the 15th sometimes—especially for the audience. (6)
15 The R of some people's idea. (9)
17 A wrecked boat is, and takes quite a beating. (9)
18 See 2 down.
19 One whose son wandered, or one whose sister committed suicide? (7)
20 Makes something barely visible? (7)
21 Style on the way shortly to be reserved. (6)
23 Pronounce as being complete? (5)
25 See 22 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1369

ACROSS: 1 Recreate; 5 Altair; 9 Cordite; 10 Backing; 11 Piccolo; 12 Adjoins; 13 Bread and water; 15 Rough-and-Ready; 21 Pirogue; 22 Seventh; 23 Has-been; 24 Eastern; 25 Senate; 26 Espresso. DOWN: 1 Recipe; 2 Corncob; 3 Episode; 4 The Golden Mean; 6 Lockjaw; 7 Animist; 8 Registry; 10 Brain Trusters; 14 Arapahos; 16 Uprisen; 17 Highest; 18 Advisor; 19 Yankees; 20 Shinto.

PERSONALS

"NOW! TREMENDOUS UMBRELLA BARGAIN." Amazing men's portable umbrella that's less than 18" long but opens to a large 28" span. Fits in raincoat pocket, in briefcase, anywhere. Perfect Christmas gift for the businessman and sportsmen alike. Durably made of quality black acetate and heavy steel ribs. Vinyl case clips to car visor. Moneyback guarantee. **ACT NOW.** Send only $2.98 to: **Gray Enterprises, Dept. TN-306, 3611 Bridge Manor Dr., Kansas City, Mo. 64137.**

SPIRO AGNEW PUNCHING BAG. Big 16" punching bag with Spiro's face centered for sock-it-to-him action. $2.00 ppd. **SPIRO-BAG, Dept. C., P. O. Box 724, Chicago, Illinois 60690.**

LOS ANGELES widow, retired, seeks companionship. Enjoys reading, theatre, music, art, travel. **Box 647, c/o The Nation.**

ECOSACS—$3.20 each. Cloth, plywood base, reinforcing rope strap-handles. Refuse throwaway paper bags. **ECOSACS, 523 Warmsprings Drive, Fayetteville, N. C. 28303.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

SUPPORT SCHEUER/BUSH bill H.R. 4605 repealing anticontraceptive restrictions of the federal "obscenity law." Request immediate Senate passage. **P.O.B. 4069, N.Y.C. 10017.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), BUTTONS (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

MANHATTAN PREGNANCY ADVISORY SERVICE. Abortion information, counselling and referrals to New York hospitals and hospital-affiliated clinics. **Call (212) 288-4500.**

WHO'S THE FAILURE?

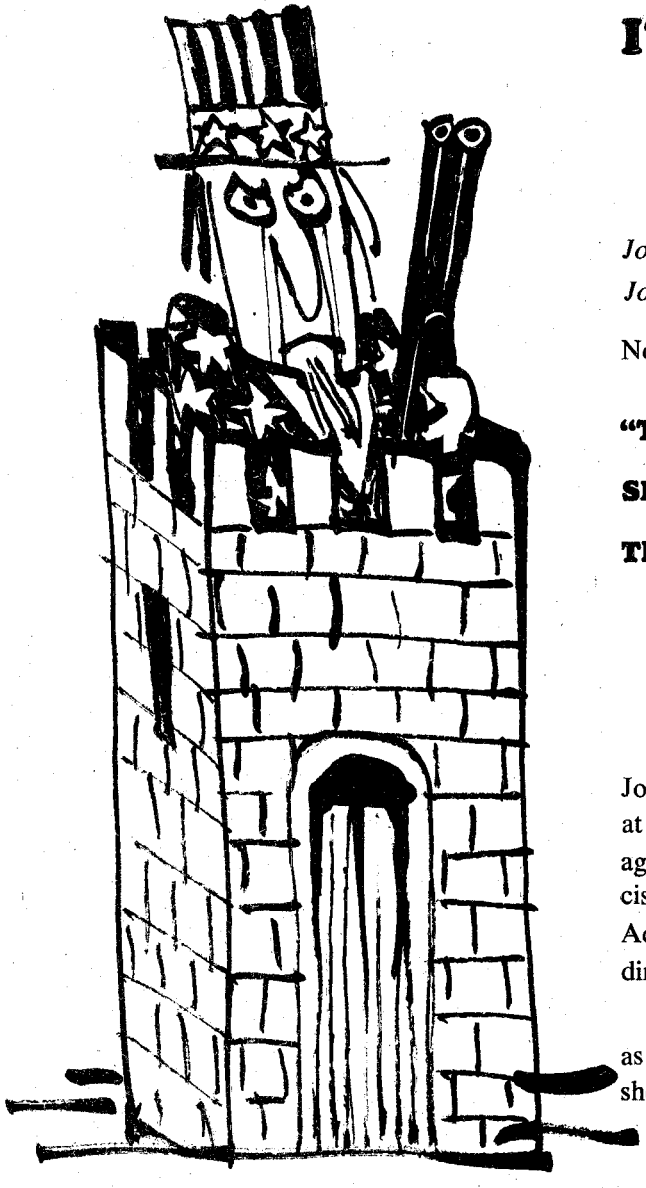
It's nice to be the success.
But what about the failures?
As the pieces of pie grow larger, there are fewer pieces, and more failures.
We train our children to be egoists, so they can be materialistic gluttons. Even though egoists get to be disliked and despised by others, who consider them as "ugly".
And yet there is a natural craving for favorable audience reaction.
The gypsies have part of the answer. Being failures in the eyes of more disciplined people, they experience a community of affection. They greet each other effusively, thus providing pleasant audience reaction. Not intoxicatd by "success" they must provide artificial intoxication through liquor, embraces, pretended gaiety, etc. (Pretended gaiety arouses as much sympathetic gaiety as genuine gaiety does).
We provide our children with materialistic abundance and security (usually at the expense of others). But we leave our children hungry, so they become prey to those who peddle phony solicitude and artificial intoxications.
Who's the failure?

D. KORETZ P.O. Box 733 Detroit, Mich. 48231

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'REPRESSION:



IT'S NOT HERE YET, BUT . . . . '

So reads the caption of an article in *The Wall Street Journal* by David C. Anderson, a member of the *Journal*'s editorial page staff.

Not yet, but . . .

"THE *POTENTIAL* FOR TRUE REPRESSION IN AMERICA HAS RISEN TO A TROUBLING LEVEL."

In Our Special Issue

The Cops Hit the Jackpot

Joseph C. Goulden presents the first nationwide look at how federal funds are being used by local police agencies. Originally the federal aid program had precise objectives and adequate control, but the Nixon Administration has given it a new emphasis and a new direction.

True repression is not yet, but the potential exists, as this special issue demonstrates—and the brakes should be applied *now*.

Bulk copies of this issue are available.
Please use coupon below.

THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., New York, 10014

Please send me extra copies of the special issue, "The Cops Hit the Jackpot" by Joseph C. Goulden, as indicated:

10 copies $ 3.00	100 copies $20.00
50 copies $12.50	500 copies $87.50

I enclose payment.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....STATE .....ZIP N11-30

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED